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Chrome Fill

Agreement Books

“I just wanna write what’s been written.”
– *Kathy Acker*

“There is no particular reason to search for meaning.”
– *William Eggleston*

Heaven Reenactment, or The Evening Undress in the West

There are many things that I do not know because I photocopied a text and then relaxed as if I had read it.

Actual life is full of false clues and signposts that lead nowhere.

A proposition which emanates from myself - whether cited variously as my eulogy or as blame - I claim it as my own together with all those that crowd in here - affirms, in short, that everything in the world exists in order to end up as a book.

This state of hyperconnectivity induces a kind of paranoid subjectivity.

John Berryman said that for a writer any ordeal that doesn't kill him is terrific. The fact that his ordeal did finally kill him doesn't make what he was saying wrong.

I know the pleasures of a book aren't always easy. I expect to work□I want to work. It's also in my Protestant nature, however, to expect some reward for this work.

You know, you don't have to have permanent opinions. You can think, every morning, 'I love the world' and go to bed every night thinking, 'I hate the world.'

Those things that you've been thinking about doing for a long time all of a sudden get moved right up to the front burner," he said.

Plain truths in a homespun dress.

Malinowski may have urged his craft's practitioners to Write Everything Down - but now, it is all written down already. There's hardly an instant of our lives that isn't documented.

You are, unfortunately, a fiction writer.

If your car would not start, it was apparently to be understood as a language problem. If you were unable to love, you were lost in language.

You were sick, but now you are well again. And there's work to be done.

But all the available evidence suggests that you have become a person who's impossible to live with and no fun to talk to.

When a writer says publicly that the novel is doomed, it's a sure bet his new book isn't going well—in terms of his reputation, it's like bleeding in shark-infested waters.

For example, through experience, one learns that “we need to talk” rarely foreshadows anything good. (Life has its own clichés.)

The contemporary writer - the writer who is acutely in touch with the life of which he is part - is forced to start from scratch. Reality doesn't exist, time doesn't exist, personality doesn't exist. God was the omniscient author, but he died, now no one knows the plot, and since our reality lacks the sanction of a creator, there's no guarantee as to the authenticity of the received version.

I began to write fiction on the assumption that the true enemies of the novel were plot, character, setting, and theme.

The look your partner gives you means a fight is on the horizon, that compliment from your boss means you're on track for a promotion, all the little things you've forgotten over the years mean you're definitely going to get dementia when you're old.

I hate chronology, that's what kills us.

They found, unsurprisingly, that blocked writers were unhappy.

If there is an individual alive in 2015 with the genius and vision of James Joyce, they're probably working for Google, and if there isn't, it doesn't matter since the operations of that genius and vision are being developed and performed collectively by operators on the payroll of that company, or of one like it.

Baby, I will miss you with your common sense, and with your blindness to psychology. My prediction for you is that you will have a fascinating life.

That smothered my literary drive for some years.

My condition is not unhappiness, but it's not happiness either, not indifference not weakness, not fatigue, not interest in anything else, so what is it then?

A hawk soared overhead. This wasn't unusual, but it gave me an odd feeling. I rolled over and wrote what I knew was a poem because it looked like one.

It was a phantom text, something "extra," that haunted the archival vault.

I think that they see themselves as having completed the work that they set out to do. They really did shift the narrative.

I have to go home, something's wrong with me.

Concepts do not exist ready-made in a kind of heaven waiting for some philosopher to come grab them. Concepts have to be produced. Of course, you can't just make them like that. You don't say one day, "Hey, I am going to invent this concept."

Clever readers, which you all are, will no doubt see a certain symmetry here.

A psychotherapist's job is to work with patients to rewrite their stories in a more positive way. Through reinterpreting his story with his therapist, the patient may come to realize that he is in control of his life and that some meaning can be gleaned from his hardships.

People without hope not only don't write novels, but what is more to the point, they don't read them.

It is not about saying that it has to be done. Nothing has to be done.

That is a sentiment so optimistic as to verge upon the mythical.

With so many new writers, however, where are the readers?

In town, the woman cannot keep her “mind on the matter,” a result of her “absentminded”-ness. Between her inability to keep “her mind on the matter” and being a little “flighty,” the woman comes to “no decision” and goes home with “nothing at all.”

Rigour is achieved in two ways—there is no scanting of detail and no quarrelling with the evidence.

I had a strict rule, which I think secret services follow, too—no piece of information is superior to any other.

Let us endeavor to sum up. How much repetition does it take?

I find the notion of happiness rather strange. It has never been a goal of mine. I just don't think in those terms—I try to give meaning to my existence through my work.

The typical idea is that you can repress something but it's going to come back and bite you if you don't deal with it, but that's still under the assumption that people have the resources to deal with it.

The way you look at the stranger who passes you on the street matters—it determines whether or not you let her look back.

I turned off the recorder. This is going to be one of the best parts of my story, I said.

Young writers are constantly told, “write about what you know.” There is nothing wrong with that rule as a starting point, but it seems to get quickly magnified into an unspoken maxim. The only valid experience is personal experience.

What happens when you say “hey, I have an idea?” Because, on the one hand, everyone knows that having an idea is a rare event, it is a kind of celebration, not very common. And then, on the other hand, having an idea is not something general. No one has an idea in general.

No matter how hard you try, no matter how badly you want to, there is no way to truly know the future, and the world isn’t really organizing itself to give you hints.

I - like many writers I know - both feel like I’m working all the time and like I should go get a “real job.”

People say we’re apocalyptic, all doom and gloom. Well, sure there’s a lot of doom and gloom, but there’s also a lot of hope and promise.

But, me, I’m a serious person, I don’t laugh a lot.

This is our last chance. This is everybody’s last chance.

I’ve got a credit card rotisserie system that would dazzle the ancients.

Above all, the repetitiousness is nothing if not true to life.

We live in an age in which it is no longer possible to be funny. There is nothing you can imagine, no matter how ludicrous, that will not promptly be enacted before your very eyes, probably by someone well known.

The redemption story is American optimism - things will get better! - and American exceptionalism - I can make things better! - and it's in the water, in the air, and in our heads.

There is no catharsis, no resolution, no end to desire. Like the beloved, a work of art, a work of literature does not let itself be mastered. The reader, like a lover, may not own it, may enjoy letting go, drifting along with it, and may not even get rid of it.

By the time your book is published, chances are that it might suffer a similar fate - or worse - to this morning's paper edition of The New York Times.

Bullshit is bullshit. Everything's got to go this time. No one can take it but you. From the very start we were brothers.

Shhhh... the new radicalism is paper. Right. Publish it on a printed page and no one will ever know about it. It's the perfect vehicle for terrorists, plagiarists, and for subversive thoughts in general.

Psychiatrists use the term weak central coherence to pinpoint the difficulty of certain autistic persons to get the big picture, to see the forest instead of the trees.

In my world there is something wrong with people who are writers. If someone wants to write, that means there is something incomplete in them. If they're writers, it's a certain sign of unhappiness.

As for me, these days I look almost exactly like my father.

Refactoring is the mental process of finding a better or clearer way to word something through continually reinventing upon the initial conditions.

For a long time, he kept two small signs near his desk. One read, "stay put," the other, "no optional striving."

I took to saying, for a laugh, "the only thing I want in life is a written apology from everyone I've ever met."

God gave man speech to give him the means to get himself lost.
Whereas you stay on track, you run smack into death.

It's about angels, like angels do exist, they really were around.
The mystery in the book is where did they go?

A story must be about what it is about and continue to be about
what it is about.

Why am I doing all this? Why am I trying to write a Natural
Novel? So I can forget a certain woman? So I can remember how
I used to live?

I have probably got her features collated all wrong in memory
anyway.

As a writer, ah, I suspect I have come to be shamelessly
disordered, or is it disorderly?

I do not think there was a cause-and-effect relationship, but
you never know.

He was trying to bring this to a magnificent end - sooner rather
than later.

Every head must bow and every tongue must confess.

I had already been amazing up to a certain point. But I was tired of being at that point.

New information is always incorporated into the existing data in exact chronological order, by date and time, until it is complete, its compilers make no attempt reconcile contradictions. Gradually, as more and more information is added to the timeline, a pattern emerges.

Maybe in 20 years, people will still read my books. But in 100 years, no. No way. Not the ones I have written so far, anyway. But the one I'm going to write... I have that hope.

Evocative Victorian historical novels are nothing new, but by adding a lesbian coming-of-age story in that context the result is a literary sensation.

He talked at length about a compositional toolbox he called consecution, a writing process of "going forwards by looking backwards."

His phone number only ever appears as "CALLER ID BLOCKED."

As for the idea of a beginning - I mean of an absolute beginning - it is necessarily a myth. Every beginning is a coincidence, we would have to conceive it as I don't know what sort of contact between all and nothing.

In many stories, much of the material is used again and again.

The first major figure in world literature to emphasize the importance of good intelligence was God.

He is neither a Luddite nor a technophobe, however, and writes his books on a MacBook, submitting drafts to his publishers on flash drives.

I've got a list of towns on a post-it that won't stick.

Some dried mud caked on an airplane seat belt was flaking off onto the tablecloth.

There is nothing so mysterious as a fact clearly presented.

We have therefore decided to, ahead of this eternally delayed book project, address some of these issues.

The idea, of course, is that the radio shall perform a public service by warning people of a storm that might prove fatal, and this the radio certainly does.

Un-posed, un-staged, direct from life. Clearly, as we begin our journey, we have the benediction of the gods.

We'd spend 10-11 hours in the car, all day long, and travel from town to town and I guess we started to see patterns develop.

I've always been revolted by existence, by the very fact of being human. There are reasons for this.

I know this kind of trails off in the last few paragraphs. But I've been sitting on it for a week already, and if I don't finish it, I can't move onto other things.

Even two hundred years ago who wanted to be original, to be original was to admit that you could not do a thing the right way, so you could only do it your own way. When you paint you do not try to be original, only you think about your work, how to make it better, so you copy masters, only masters, for with each copy of a copy the form degenerates.

Perhaps responsibility consists in making of the name recalled, of the memory of the name, of the idiomatic limit, a chance, that is, an opening of identity to its very future.

In the city, nothing is ever how you left it. There's no telling how many hands could have touched it, photographed it, stolen it.

Finally realize you can't leave things better than you found them - the best you can do is try not to leave them any worse.

I just don't talk much about my work with other writers, and I don't talk much about their work. A few sentences.

I'm not really interested in talking about myself. I don't want my life exposed publicly. I'm interested in the work I've done and the things I've discovered and in some of my philosophical stuff, because I think it's of value, but I'm not into being a celebrity, because I think celebrityhood has no value to anyone, least of all to the celebrity.

We have a limited amount of meaning in our souls, one must be sure we vitalize and symbolize the right things!

History is often very voyeuristic - I joke with students that I read dead people's mail for a living.

In hindsight, of course, it looks very much like it was pushed to the underground as a kind of semi-conspiracy thing. I mean, I am a paranoid conspiracy freak, I have to say that. But then most of it's come true, hasn't it?

Your obligation is to know your objects and to steadily, inexorably darken and deepen them. The sentence that follows is always in response to the sentence that came before.

The book must be absolutely original, absolutely perfect. That is why, among other things, it is impossible for him to get started on it.

Perfect? Perfectly banal, perhaps. Perfectly boring, certainly.

The pendulum swing of online social posturing is tenuous at either end of the spectrum, from the stylised to the shit-post. Fantasies of a bygone era when we posted without a care in the world have only resulted in the performativity taking on a new, albeit messier, shape.

This is what we are, the results of what we are.

Who's "we"? You know.

You guys are fucking around with something that people have known about forever. It's sometimes called witchcraft, and it's extremely dangerous. You're dealing with part of the unconscious mind that they used to define as angels and devils. You have to be very careful, because there are all these warnings. All the occult literature about ceremonial magic warns about being very careful when you start exploring these areas in the mind.

People calling on the phones were hysterical. They said, 'Do something now. Do it swiftly. Don't be a wuss. Don't be moderate.'

The world can blow up - I'll be here just the same to put in a comma or a semicolon.

This is a layered catastrophe.

A huge billboard advertises Hot Babes Direct To You. A motel sign carries the warning□Don't Take Cheques. A suburban fence bears the message□We Support Our Troops.

I have some unusual interests, but one of my favourite ways to waste time has to be researching meta-historical conspiracy theories.

By having our monthly meetings, the artist, who may work a day job or run a family, is encouraged to return to work to provide progress notes. There is no strike against them if they cannot bring something new every month as we are all adults and are treated as such, but the artists in the course that are driven to see progress in their work return monthly and with a high level of motivation.

Looking back, in review? Failed, failed, failed - and not by reason of an inadequacy of effort.

There are no rules, but sometimes you need parameters.

I had lots of models for the kind of uncompromising novel I wanted to write.

I tried to work on a novel in Tennessee once and after a ruined two months gave it up in despair. I once spent four months near Lake Placid in a beautiful house lent to me by a friend - perfect place to write - and I didn't do a damn thing but eat my guts and look out the window at the mountains.

If everything is contained in everything else, then what can ever be taken away from us, if we know how to truly look closely?

I wanted to ensure that the book is not read in too straightforward a manner.

The disappointment of readers and critics, to be sure, must be reflected by the writer's bafflement over what to do next after writing a Big Book.

It turns out that when you start asking questions about where historical knowledge comes from, you open up an infinite spiral of obscure, strange and often deeply implausible stories.

Florian Niedlich calls this development a 'religious turn' □ Wolfgang Funk calls it 'the return of the supernatural'.

"You're insulted, aren't you?" he says softly. "My lack of understanding. It's an insult to your very person, isn't it?"

I don't want you to rehabilitate me. Make me interesting. Some might conclude that one motive for suicide might be that the well has run dry, and the writer has reached the end of some mythical creative journey that has taken them to the edge of an equally mythical cliff, leaving the sole option of jumping into oblivion.

It's true that some of us become better writers by living long enough. But this is also how we become worse writers.

The trick is to die in between.

A sublime feeling is provoked by something vast or infinite, like the sight of a mountain or the view of a distant thunderstorm.

On my way home from work I imagine my wife at home. Maybe she has discovered, by accident, something about me, something in my stuff, that is hurtful or that she doesn't like about me, something about my own life that I'm not even aware exists, something that blasts apart the image of me that she has chosen to love.

In an attempt to attract business, they put up a sign advertising free ice water to parched tourists on their way to the attraction. It was a big hit.

The best way to get something done is to renounce it.

Repetition compulsion can involve people continuously putting themselves in a situation they know is not healthy, perhaps without even realizing that they are repeating their past traumas.

I wanted for nothing. I want for nothing.

I don't think my story is any different from most.

There were so many things that I couldn't remember. First of all that I wrote it, and second, I couldn't remember the memories I had written about anymore.

Disillusioned that we're brought to instant gridlock in one of the world's most powerful capitals. Disillusioned that the security net didn't preclude at least some of it. Obviously it was well-planned, well-coordinated.

I guess the good thing that did come out of it is that I'm more accepting of losers, criminals, murderers, all kinds of people, because they're my brothers.

In a world in which we are entertained from cradle to grave whether we like it or not, the ability to rework image and dialogue may be the key to both psychic and political health.

It's a funny thing. People never say there are too many flowers in the world. Enough is enough! No, we just enjoy the bounty of flowers.

Years ago I used to think it was possible for a novelist to alter the inner life of culture. Now, bomb-makers and gunmen have taken that territory. They make raids on human consciousness.

Content is not the issue. So don't go around telling people you broke the code. There is no code worth breaking.

People respond to things because of their own personal reasons. I don't think anybody really wants to spend time, consume, do anything with any of my work because of the backstory... but something has to get you there, drag you in to the show.

The beauty of rural ruins, or of the slow devolution of lands once deemed to have endless opportunity, is that it is a decay that is not directly caused by man, but left by him - a byproduct of civilization's transience and limited purpose.

If the map is more interesting than the territory, it is most likely because it represents man's appropriation of the territory, his mark on it. This is reflected in national roads, shortcuts, contour lines, chapels, farms or castles located alongside coloured zones indicating prairies, pine forests, streams, etc. - many of the codes that allow us to "situate" ourselves and "move" across the territory.

This reads like philosophical conjecture and generalization and not anything scientific.

To me it's corporate poetry... when you see something the mind xeroxes it.

In other words, everything we see in the "real" world is already a copy.

Listen brother, I've got a 17-year-old boy's hard-on for being great and doing great work.

My main goal is to live life and then die in a way that causes the Westboro Baptist Church to show up at my funeral.

To do this well, it's important to go deeply into a subject rather than stay on the surface.

Moreover, witchcraft differs from all other harmful and mysterious arts in this point, that of all superstition it is essentially the vilest, the most evil and the worst, wherefore it derives its name from doing evil, and from blaspheming the true faith.

There's a well-known painter who makes paintings that look like they were done 30 years ago but he does it with an inkjet printer. Is that really progress now?

It is easier to understand if the gun is a revolver and you're playing Russian Roulette. In one universe, after pulling the trigger, you die. In another universe, you survive. So you do it again. In two universes, you've died. In one, you survived twice. Do it a million times, and in one universe, you are essentially "immortal", having survived Russian Roulette a million times. But you are also dead in 999,999 other universes.

I think you have to follow the basic karmic rule, that any action taken in anxiety creates more anxiety.

God desires his house to be a place of skilled workmanship, a place that exceeds the merely functional and exhibits beauty.

In other words, the idea is that there's a natural law that says that nature won't let there be a void - empty space is always taken up by something. When something is removed, it's immediately replaced by something else.

The audience has left, the stage is empty.

"I always write for posterity," I like to say.

The word has never had any meaning. I am at war with the obvious.

The funny thing is they only got the garbage, and the garbage got all the good stuff.

A gas station forecourt is illuminated below a sky glowing with the blues and peaches of dusk. It's empty but for cars parked around its edges, dark and falling from the sides of the frame, Christmas lights strung from a couple of trees a little way off.

As he himself was a man always fantasizing the future (a time in which all would magically be pulled together), he was able, through the simple expedient of using his own depressed, daydreaming self as an instrument of illumination, to make of the American inability to grow up and get down to work a startling metaphor.

My problem was not a lack of connection with the collective unconscious. My problem was getting out of bed in the morning.

Nostalgia? Longing? Resentment? Relief?

My life, what a novel!

Maybe I'll start on the wrong road, or for the wrong reasons.

It's so difficult because it's everywhere, every place, all the time, even right now. It's the view of this pen in my hand as I write this, it's an image of your hands holding this book, drift your consciousness up and out of this text and see it's right there, across the room - there... and there. Then it's gone.

As someone once said "life is unfair." In the 19th Century someone was very lucky. He or she acquired a Vermeer for \$12.

Being yourself has no intrinsic value whatsoever.

This story I am telling is all imagination. These characters I create never existed outside my own mind. If I have pretended until now to know my characters' mind and innermost thoughts, it is because I am writing in a convention universally accepted at the time of my story that the novelist stands next to God.

I haven't really prioritized writing lately.

A Novel? No, I don't have the endurance any more. To write a novel, you have to be like Atlas, holding up the whole world on your shoulders, and supporting it there for months and years, while its affairs work themselves out.

I think most people would be very productive if they just did what they wanted all the time. I just decided it wasn't so bad to be my own boss, and my own janitor.

In our secular world, we no longer see eternal paradise as a carrot at the end of the stick of life, but try to cram as much as possible into our relatively short time on the planet instead.

Nevertheless, those who wander without a purpose are also known as flaneurs. They were the wise fools, clowns, pranksters, and avant-garde artists some say are needed to critique the absurdity of modern life.

Bravo! You are now Pavlov and his dog.

Once, going uptown on the New York subway, a friend told me that he didn't like the people-watching on public transit. The crowd was ugly, to stare was to become a voyeur, often motivated by Schadenfreude.

In the first week of October, Weekly World News recorded three Elvis sightings, two Bat Boy sightings, one Bigfoot encounter, and, amazingly, one for Thomas Pynchon.

I hate to admit defeat, so I won't. However, I have been everywhere with this proposal and cannot find an enthusiastic editor who can carry the ball over the goal line.

He was writing at home every weekend. I told him he should go back to selling insurance.

Did he proceed to the Grand Canyon and blow out his brains?

A basic trait of this country's population is the constant thought of suicide, they might be said to take pleasure in thinking constantly, steadily, without allowing anything to distract them, about how to do away with themselves at any time. It is their way of keeping their balance, I said, to think constantly about killing themselves without actually killing themselves.

You need to be clear in yourself to survive the coming period of thought-chaos, because it will make you question your perception, your awareness, your presence... what is natural, what is true, what is real.

Eliminate sin from your life.

These things tend to be reduced to the lowest common denominator, but I don't think it is objects we need to release the past so much as the sensation they caused—the smell, the taste, the sound of the song, which triggers the mind to unleash its ghosts.

I thought these worlds would have to end and their ruins strike me before I would ever turn into an iconoclast

Our aspirations and successes have been cheap and petty. I read the newspapers, the columnists, some books. I look at the magazines. They all deal in illusions and fantasies. I can only conclude that we have lost ourselves, and that the bomb may finish the job permanently, and it just doesn't matter, we have not loved life.

This is what I thought a countless number of times!

The servility of this type of quest for success is the same in the author and the reader. Each one, author and reader, avoids the pangs, the annihilation of sovereign communication. They both limit themselves to the prestige of success.

I still don't have a satisfactory answer or playbook for moving forward because I don't think there is one.

This is the way the world ends, not with a bang, not with a whimper, but with one melancholy little band, and a quick fade to black.

There is something deeply wonderful about hearing a story, and then hearing it again.

An endless web is all they need for meaning.

As realism, it is incredible, as satire, it is cartoonish, as cartoon, it is too realistic.

Life for those folks was without central point, without idea and intellect, without passion, without engagement, it was focused inward rather than outward. But for others, the cry was, “which side are you on, brother?”

Current research is more concerned with the production, the societal function, and the acquisition rituals of folklore, and that means asking whose nostalgic expectations and wishes attribute credibility to a particular cultural expression - despite constantly quoting, faking, and copying cultural forms.

We should read instruction manuals, legal documents, restaurant reviews and corporate newsletters.

This relationship between and recycling of materials begins at the sentence level and extends outward over the work as a whole. Progressive construction and narrative logic evolves out of clearly represented relationships between materials while indicating what these relationships mean within the context of the rest of the work.

This is useful and good.

Everything that we ever had in our house was cobbled together. Every bike I had was made from three or four bikes that I put together to make one good one, so I suppose that's what I do in the work. I use whatever I have to hand, trying to create something, trying to make something good out of something bad.

Mechanization of the arts ran parallel to the mechanization of people by means of efficiency studies, standardized testing, and various methods of measurement and evaluation more suited to machinery than people.

I've cultivated the art of exaggeration to such a pitch that I can call myself the greatest exponent of the art that I know of... I was the greatest artist I knew in the field of exaggeration... But, of course, this too is an exaggeration, I realize as I come to write it down - a typical instance of my art of exaggeration.

There is much time when driving those open highways for a person to think. On a straight stretch of pavement a driver enters an almost meditative state.

If things go bad for me on the street, my mood deteriorates quickly. I'm apt to be simultaneously angry and depressed. My anger goes right to my stomach.

People may have a rigid way of protecting themselves against the experience of repeating their trauma. They believe there is no point in trying to stop it and that this is just 'the way things are.'

I had to be quick about showing God that I could be just as amazing again as I used to be and that I could do something, do anything, else.

"The face is what prohibits us from killing."
Elsewhere "The human face is the conduit for the word of God."

I like my archive. It's a living thing. It's like a life form. It's like a big mushroom out there.

I have files on many things. I'm a compulsive filemaker. If it does not exist, it is not fact, and you won't have to address the issue.

Here's a man who has made it his life's work to defend the downtrodden, and to boldly document the decline and fall of Western civilization, but also, just a regular guy, contentedly living the dream.

He both loved and hated nature, just as he loved and hated art, and loved and hated human beings with equal passion and equal ruthlessness.

As the length of a webpage grows linearly, the likelihood of the author being a lunatic increases exponentially.

No more masks! No more mythologies!

As many times as I've insisted to early readers that my book is not "about me" in any "meaningful way," (and it really isn't), I've still had to grapple with the fact that a hideous creation, and his relentless inner diatribe which comprises virtually my entire text - whether I like it or not - did spring fully formed from my brain.

A story must be about what it is about and continue to be about what it is about.

Who looks out the window and thinks about trees? Only people in books do that.

If one can't see a connection, one must assume a decision.

It might be nice to do something with all that, and alongside my own back catalog.

Yet to a biographer the most compelling of the late work would perhaps not be the work of the good days - work with which we are relatively familiar - but the doggedly repetitive, absent minded, oddly ruminative work of the other days.

God has blessed me in amazing ways with the gifts of both vocations and yet I'm ruining the beauty of what I'm surrounded by. Um, there's no happy ending here.

I have tried to make one thing clear - that the mission of man to the world is not to make a fortune, but to make a life.

One day it will be complete enough to believe it is finished. Made. Existing. Done. And in its own way a contribution, and all that effort and frustration and time and money will fall away. It was worth it, because it is something real, that didn't exist before you made it exist a sentient work of art and power and sensitivity, that speaks of this world and your fellow human beings place within it. Isn't that beautiful?

He was often highly rated and has a cult following, but darn it wasn't enough to keep him out of the shrubbery.

The essential question for anyone who would explain this stuff isn't it just bullshit?

The mountain is pretty, but it is only the back of the stage!

Why we love this one and not that one can be anomalous and even impossible for others to understand. Even we may not understand it. A great reason to write about it.

The book says we may be through with the past, but the past ain't through with us.

Nothing seemed forbidden, except the neighbors' dirt lot, which was identical to mine. Nothing was desirable, except staying in my own lot. Forever. For forever seemed like it had already come. At the end of the street, the asphalt ended, and from there, I just walked out into the desert.

Bad men are drawn to the City of God.

My friend, what is it you find so darned mysterious about me that it has you in such constant revelries?

No matter how much we might hope otherwise, the Titanic always goes down. Yet we go back, happily and eagerly, to listen and read and watch more closely. We go back for details we may have missed. We go back to celebrate what we know and cement it more firmly in our memory and soul.

A happy beginning, in other words, and a happy middle, and a happy ending. Once upon a time, nothing happened.

Board Up the House

As I write this, collecting a year, it is spring again.

Reflected in a black loading screen, you find yourself freezing cold.

When information becomes free and universally accessible, voluminous research for a novel is devalued along with it.

The first couple of sentences are a struggle.

I have at times wondered if this is just a matter of growing older and out of touch—I'd be happy if it were, but after some deep soul searching I'm afraid that's not the case.

This article therefore is neither standard prose nor reference material, but rather something of a combination of the two.

Inseparable from this culture of permanent storytelling is the pursuit of vitality at all costs.

I've spent a lifetime doing push-ups, getting content distilled into things that really do work.

"The chronology," he said, "tells the story almost every time."

His aims as a writer were traditional, to entertain and instruct, but the means he chose to express them were unclassifiable, sometimes indescribable, occasionally unspeakable.

What unites all these disparate uses are their concern for narrative. To be pillaged is to buy into a story, large or small, that is in some way oppositional to the mainstream.

It seems to want to abolish stillness, as if ashamed of silence - as it were, a criminal running endless charity marathons.

These are now utopian ideals.

I'm writing a book so boring, of such limited commercial appeal, that if you publish it, it will probably cost you your job.

Too much son et lumiere, not enough light and dark.

A voice-over intones “You fell asleep of exhaustion at 7 a.m. You were awake all night. The only thought on your mind was To exist is to devour oneself.”

When I left, men were trash and God was dead. When I came back, wearing a sweater meant a guy was “dressing for the female gaze” and a lot of those hot girls, it seemed, were dabbling in Catholicism online.

We were suddenly told “this game is over, let’s call it a draw”.

Really, it was all a big misunderstanding, you see, but one that required some explaining.

Good ideas are often murdered by better ones.

It is now customary to read 700-page novels, to spend hours and hours within a fictional world, without experiencing anything really affecting, sublime, or beautiful.

My motives for writing this story are conventionally American. I value my freedom to be what others may not wish me to be. I am proud to read whichever book I want, from The Satanic Verses to S&M pictorials to the speeches of Saddam Hussein.

This one has it all—secret societies, dirty politics, Wall Street sharks, the Third World, ecological crisis, cloak & dagger, the occult, UFOs, cyberpunk brain interfacing, lunatic fringe, psychotronic weapons, and a global playing field whose prime time is running out.

No context – just a list of scary diagnoses.

The publisher called it a novel. They tell me “novel” is a better word to use.

Writing isn’t hard work, it’s a nightmare. Coal mining is hard work. This is a nightmare.

I posted some “fictional” webpages as “a spoof of my life” there. Please do not confuse real information & events with the “fictional” information I posted.

The punishment worked on three levels: as a form of public humiliation, as a slow and lingering death, and as a punishment after death.

The seemingly innocuous obsession with unwanted awareness is just the surface of often much darker concerns.

Let each man proclaim: there is a great negative work of destruction to be accomplished. We must sweep and clean.

I am never indifferent to the way someone might say “goodbye” or “oh my God” or “I don’t know”.

It sounds like the kind faux-intellectual, New Age-y nonsense one might expect to find peddled by psychedelic-fuelled hippie-wannabes lurking in the ‘dark corners’ of the internet. It turns out that in many cases this is pretty close to the truth.

Irony here (if you are willing to play the game) is the tool that prevents such prophecy from sounding fake or lazy.

Of a suspicious cast of mind and having lived a little yourself, you look skeptically on “no regrets.” It’s a claim of having chosen just this life and lived it through. I yam what I yam and tha’s all what I yam, it says, an incantation against introspection. In a particularly cynical mood, you might opine that two kinds of people claim to have no regrets: liars, and people who ought to know better – those fortunate souls blessedly untroubled with self-awareness.

The yogis say the in- and out-going breaths are the two guards of the City of Life. When the guards are well coordinated, the city’s defenses are strong. When the guards are disorganized and disconnected, the city comes under attack.

Most of us assume that our guards are doing their job, but we seldom check up on them.

As such, it can be a bit hard to make routine.

New things just don't appear on time. Not if they are really new.

Never a day passes when he does not stare at those three hateful words qwertyuiop, asdfghjkl, and zxcvbnm.

These days everyone is insane, the only choice left is between schizophrenia and paranoia—we are either many in one or one against all.

I have descended into journalism. I have come back with the quasi-souls of lost data.

All eleven of his readers are positive this page is a misprint?

In our age, the novel is no longer allowed to be a work (a thing made to last, to connect the past with the future), but one current event among many, a gesture with no tomorrow.

You build up a virtual library in your head of minor failures. This failure cumulatively informs the idea of what you're looking for.

Inside every computer, there is a hidden man desperate to get rich while doing nothing. We can argue that it is predicting its own value - the unbiased true reward.

You inhale with force - yes, you've been manually breathing again. It's a hyperaware version of obsessive compulsive disorder.

You are the model being trained.

You are the intelligent agent we've heard so much about.

To begin with there is a nucleus consisting in memories of events or trains of thought in which the traumatic factor has culminated or the pathogenic idea has found its purest manifestation.

I enjoyed the ruins, the nothing, and then the return.

Return to existential dread, then back to the ruins.

All the past experience is stored by the user in memory.

The parasympathetic system is responsible for stimulation of “rest-and-digest” or “feed and breed.”

Google replaced your central nervous system with a search bar.

The choice of a loss function is not arbitrary. It is very restrictive and sometimes the loss function may be characterized by its desirable properties.

Failure to respond poses the real risk.

The AED indicates a shock is advised, and they press the “shock” button, then watch as the shock is delivered.

It stands to reason then that not only in man but also in the rabbit as well as the mouse, a group of gene loci for light-chains are located on one chromosome and a group of gene loci for heavy-chains are located on another chromosome.

Ondine's curse is a life-threatening disorder manifesting as sleep-associated alveolar hypoventilation. The literary misnomer Ondine's curse has been used in prior literature. In this German folk epic, the nymph Ondine falls in love with a mortal. When the mortal is unfaithful to the nymph, he is cursed by the king of the nymphs. The king's curse makes the mortal responsible for remembering to perform all bodily functions, even those that occur automatically, such as breathing.

When the mortal falls asleep, he “forgets” to breathe and dies.

You won't know if your life has been totally annihilated by your obsession until your life is, well, over.

In the brain, declarative memory processes memories we are consciously aware of, whereas procedural memory processes our movements.

A noteworthy outcome of this hypothesis is a certain deepening of pessimism.

Plato described Pyrrhichia as a dance in which the warriors simulate all manner of fighting. Plato called it skiamachia or “fighting without an antagonist”.

Your whole life, you were one way and now you appear to be another. This statement represents one of OCD's cruelest, and frankly, laziest efforts to dominate your attention.

The first time I thought about heaven, it terrified me.

Underground armies operate in the big cities, enturbulating the police with false information through anonymous phone calls and letters. Police, with drawn guns, erupt at the senator's dinner party... a very special dinner party too, that would tie up a sweet thing in surplus planes.

“We've been tipped off a nude reefer party is going on here. Take the place apart, boys, and you folks keep your clothes on, or I'll blow your filthy guts out!”

For revolution to effect basic changes in existing conditions three tactics are required□

1. Disrupt. 2. Attack. 3. Disappear.

Look away. Ignore. Forget.

These three tactics to be employed alternatively.

As he struck, the assassin was heard to say "After all, God made knives."

Everyone, absolutely everyone, was tape-recording everyone else. Machinery had already taken over people's sex lives - dildos and all kinds of vibrators - and now it was taking over their social lives, too, with tape recorders and Polaroids.

Since I wasn't going out much and was home a lot on the mornings and evenings, I put in a lot of time on the phone gossiping and making trouble and getting ideas from people and trying to figure out what was happening - and taping it all.

However, "beast" can also describe a person with a particular state of mind. You could be called a "beast" if you are particularly unpleasant. You have no respect for others and only care about yourself.

Another type of person who might be called a "beast" is someone who works incredibly hard. The people who work so hard, they sacrifice their love life and social life for money.

My grandmother used to say, 'A hit dog will holler,' and it hollered through this room.

The WebMD is concerned you might be having a heart attack.

Is it heartburn or something more serious?

Reading this line worsens your symptoms.

The seemingly innocuous obsession with unwanted awareness is just the surface of often much darker concerns.

This is not a promise that you will not receive attacks, or that you will not be struck by a weapon. The promise is that it will not prosper.

Any symbolic pattern that has served as a focus for human emotion and energy will build up an egregore of its own over time, and the more energy that is put into such a pattern, the more potent the egregore that will form around it. The gods and goddesses of every religion, past and present, are at the centers of vast egregore charged with specific kinds of power. This power is defined by, and contacted through, the traditional symbolism of the deity in question.

The chicken breast thaws slowly in the kitchen sink, contaminating its surroundings.

One of the more boring ways to try and deny an uncomfortable truth is to call it a conspiracy theory. The topic of this article as an event cannot be disputed. You may dispute the symbolism behind it, but that's okay.

The internet is filled today with people defending their micro-identities. We yell at each other all day on Twitter about whether any given sexual, psychological, or gender-related identity is valid.

We have therefore decided to, ahead of this eternally delayed book project, address some of these issues.

Many if not all of these claims have been made elsewhere by us already, in writing or on record, but we wish to restate them here in one place so as to prevent new misunderstandings.

What must be emphasized here, however, is the apocalyptic and absolutistic framework in which this hostility was commonly expressed.

Dacron, Orion, Lycra Spandex.

The no-risk bonus coupon below gives you guaranteed access to dozens of documented cases of life after death, everlasting life, previous-life experiences, posthumous life in outer space, transmigration of souls, and personalized resurrection through stream-of-consciousness computer techniques.

Under the skin the body is an over-heated factory and outside the invalid shines/glows from every burst pore.

We can become cops or criminals, but when you're facing a loaded gun - what's the difference?

The part about this "absolutely not..." being a short squeeze for reasons that amount to "know it isn't and I know more than you do!" was compelling. That part jumped right out and stuck.

Not all mysteries are what they first appear to be. "Snow worms" taste just like spaghetti.

A stab and a laugh and the patiently folded hands of hopeless propriety.

If you fixate on something enough, it becomes real and yours - the longer you focus, the more your subject will reveal.

The writer abandons the first, or absolute, exclusion, and modifies it.

For the unconditional accelerationist, the fastidious seriousness of the problem-solvers who propose to 'save humanity' is absurd in the face of the problems they confront. And so, in its colder variants, which are those that win out, accelerationism tends to laugh.

Anything is welcome, as long as it hates desire

In 2008, he was arrested for snorting cocaine off the hood of a car in Paris in the 8th Arrondissement. He was also in possession of 2.6 grams of cocaine. The arrest inspired his book.

It is a magnificent slow dance of surreal beauty. He never knew he could suffer so much.

God always uses imperfect vessels for his perfect work.

Two people can be using the same word, meaning different things, yet continue the conversation, which is fine for coffee, but not when trying to understand the world.

They were objectively victims, but subjectively free.

It isn't "secret" though, just not well known. What goes on there is largely uninteresting to most people and is mainly very technical, complicated scientific stuff that is not easy to understand.

I suspect that, in apeirophobia, one comes to the 'realization' that after death you will live forever (if you believe this), and in simulating that experience in your mind, one realizes that there is no way to project ahead to 'forever' - and that experience is, inherently, anxiety-provoking.

"As you look at the screen, it is possible to believe you are gazing into the infinite," a female voice says, almost as incantation, as the images drift by.

A heavy indulgence in the sensational technologism of Bellamy, Sant'Elia, and science fiction, that is to say, visions of vaster and more marvelous achievements in the technical and managerial style that we are already used to.

I am an object, such as the Earth, a cat, etc. "I" is defined at a particular time by a complete description of the state of my body and of my brain.

What are we to make of that collapsing wave?

We've all become mind-readers, soothsayers, and psychics.

I had to give you tough love. I had to be cruel to be kind.

Was it ever declared to be impossible? Did anyone ever think there was any need to declare it impossible?

The many other worlds are parallel to our own, but so hidden from it that they “might as well be populated by ghosts”.

I do not think that this result is inevitable in the use of scientific technology and mass communications. It is not hard to think up industrial arrangements that fire initiative rather than dampen it.

Before experimentation, labels of ‘pseudoscience’ are necessarily premature□Are there things we should not know?

There are many responses to the impulse toward experience. We pass through the essential stage of experience on the way to wisdom. Fearlessness is a quality of mind that allows us to face danger or hardship resolutely with fortitude and spirit. If no one is allowed to venture into the forbidden because it is threatening or bizarre, we cannot know what it is like. Our potential may be cut short.

Yet even with all its excesses of content, our era of algorithmic feeds might herald the actual death of the collector, because the algorithm itself is the collector, curator, and arbiter of culture.

I am never defeated, however fast the enemy may attack. It is not because my technique is faster than that of the enemy. It is not a question of speed. The fight is finished before it is begun.

These feelings of anxiety and panic interfere with daily activities, are difficult to control, are out of proportion to the actual danger and can last a long time. You may avoid places or situations to prevent these feelings.

Maybe when we die, the first thing we’ll say is, ‘I know this feeling. I was here before.’

In recent weeks, I’ve heard a talented and well-published writer claim that, in the offices of Manhattan publishing, “anything experimental” will get “combed out” of a manuscript.

What they do, he added, “isn’t writing at all – it’s typing.”

Valiant effort, yes. Taking the time to educate us unwashed masses, ditto. Slander in the name of truth? Sure.

Maybe the problem was mine. Could I even look at art again? Or rather, would it ever be the same for me after the events of the past year? But with attention, art never is the same.

It consisted of stringing phrases together like “personal space”, “world working”, “creating context”, “manifesting”, “generating principles”, and other meaningless bibble-babble.

Public officials cannot enact any policy they please like they’re ordering dessert from a menu. They have to choose from among policies that are politically acceptable at the time.

Nothing was less likely to foster piety in uneducated common folk than to have it drummed into their ears, that the pope is the Antichrist, that bishops and priests are demons.

If anybody wants to say I worship them, well I know how I feel – I don’t worship them. I don’t appreciate anything they ever did. I’m not with them, not 1%, not 2% not 10% but I’ve looked in the dictionary and I’ve defined the word courage.

I am quite sure that I would not have done it on my own. I need to kindle my glowing desire by rubbing shoulders with a gang of accomplices. But as it was not the fruit that gave me pleasure, I must have got it from the crime itself, from the thrill of having partners in sin.

The prefix de- means “from,” and deduction derives from generally accepted statements or facts. The prefix in- means “to” or “toward,” and induction leads you to a generalization. The prefix ab- means “away,” and you take away the best explanation in abduction.

Do I even not know what to write about? Never.

Symptoms of sluggish schizophrenia came in the form of “reform delusions,” “struggles for the truth,” “a heightened sense of self-esteem,” and “perseverance.”

A decongestant, an antihistamine, a cough suppressant, a pain reliever.

The ones who run heaven have made your brain into a song.

People could screw up - you expected them to - but machines are made of finer stuff. They're not supposed to begin talking, in a new voice, out of the blue, about death and weird shit like that.

The power of suggestion makes some people sick.

At any given moment some people are having intense orgasms or riding in speedboats and other people are being eaten by rats or running from gunfire. What a fucked up, bewildering, unequal world we live in.

People chanting in the middle of the woods... this is crazy.

This may be going on, but it is not going on here.

Self-reliance belongs to a different world.

Everybody has something to contribute, even if we have a hard time seeing it.

In times of change or upheaval, anyone can make a legitimate business from their own personal vision, however different it may be.

All a writer needs are eight readers. Think about it. Why do you need more than eight readers? That's enough. You, unfortunately, have only three.

Procrastination is our natural defense, letting things take care of themselves.

This is my work-world - seen with the eye of an observer, the guest or summer vacationer. Strictly speaking, I myself never observe the landscape.

He had published four novels, the third of which had the plainest surface and reached the widest audience. He has described it as “the first one that was readable.”

I feel sort of embarrassed by ambition, like the idea of picking a place in the world and going there on a trip to take pictures. Maybe I'm just making excuses for being a cautious person, but I'm also actively engaged in trying to rewrite that part of my nature.

The video camera was never found, so we'll never know exactly what went down on film. But there's no reasonable doubt about it.

We tend to think of the ability to be wounded in this way as a permanent feature of human experience, albeit one that was long undertheorized.

In this way, it is analogous to a psychopathology such as schizophrenia, which we retrospectively recognize as having operated long before it was properly identified.

It becomes a problem, though, if you're on your computer researching for hours multiple times a day. When checking your symptoms online begins to interfere with your work and personal life, you know you have cyberchondria.

Like 9/11, it is a completely schema-blowing experience, it is difficult to understand because we have no framework for going through something like this.

Life goes rushing through us.

Comme un rêve, like a dream.

Maybe I don't get to choose my own life. Maybe I am fated into this and if so then I am at the mercy of God or whoever decided what would become of me.

If you can find it in your heart to forgive Yasir Arafat, surely you can find it in your heart to forgive me.

It is my ambition to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless, no refuse save the printed books.

If you describe someone as a doubting Thomas, you mean they refuse to believe something until they see definite proof or evidence of it.

Sometimes it breaks my heart to think that anything would ever rely on me for anything.

Man positively needs general ideas and convictions that will give a meaning to his life and enable him to find a place for himself in the universe. He can stand the most incredible hardships when he is convinced that they make sense, he is crushed when, on top of all his misfortunes, he has to admit that he is taking part in a "tale told by an idiot."

Already I feel greater liberty in my heart, for at last I know the Pope is the Antichrist, and that his throne is that of Satan himself.

Fanaticism has begun.

Then apocalypse.

At first they said skin irritation and sweaty palms, but now they say nausea, vomiting, shortness of breath. Later, that changes to heart palpitations and a sense of déjà vu. Later still coma, convulsions, and miscarriage.

It is not enough to have reached the ocean, the shoreless expanse, the nihil ulterius as positive zero.

I am but mad north-north-west.

As Kierkegaard said, perhaps the most important driving force in modern man is boredom. We desperately hang onto our nostalgia for “days of future passed”, lest the future be robbed of all signposts and meaning.

They’ve built their own prison, so they exist a state of schizophrenia. They’re both guards and prisoners and as a result they no longer have, having been lobotomized, the capacity to leave the prison they’ve made, or to even see it as a prison.

The public interest has shifted from the nature of man to the nature of nature and to the prospects of domination its exploration opened, and the loss of interest even turned to hatred when the nature of man proved to be resistant to the changes dreamed up by intellectuals who want to add the lordship of society and history to the mastery of nature.

A similar thing holds for taste, when almost any record or T-shirt or piece of Danish cookware can be found on eBay, are they still impressive to own?

I’ve got to cut this short - I’ve come down with a stomach virus, and if I throw up one more time, I’m afraid it will be blood.

All content is perverted by the spiritual-sophistry of the “new agers.” After browsing through a few pseudo-spiritual websites, one becomes nauseous and disappointed, completely overwhelmed by the lack of anything worthy of vested time.

On his computer, retrieved from the hard drive, was a jamb-packed album of smut. He’d downloaded archives of violence against women, torture, and even snuff. The night before, his search engine history contained “throat-slitting”, “beheading”, “girl”, and “execution murders”.

But here's the thing—sometimes you arrive for a story and there is no story. All detail, no point. You do all the work, show up, but nothing happens, and you gotta know when to call it.

I wait for an event to happen, and then wait some more. After a while of this, I go home.

The novel covers a period of about twelve days—it took about twelve days to write.

I know the pleasures of a book aren't always easy. I expect to work—I want to work.

In puritanical America, the intellectual tradition is in exile from the luxury of the senses—Americans hold steadfast to the idea that the right kind of knowledge comes from the word of books.

It is a great asset in life not to know what you are talking about.

Go slow, pause for a moment.

Everyone in the world can watch everyone else instantaneously – you can't tell the difference between the actors and the audience.

Freedom, it's called.

Write these moments and not induce boredom, eternal fugitive sameness of such? How many times the rose leaves die of grieving in a single book?

Indeed the work is thorough and complete and takes in vastnesses that cannot be settled in a single text-object.

It's all me... Nothing is me. I write fiction and I'm told it's autobiography—I write autobiography and I'm told it's fiction.

Of course, Mickey Mouse has never been depicted by Disney doing the sorts of things that Mack the Knife did.

I kept being virtuous, and virtuous in ways that were destroying me. And when I let the repellent in, I found that I was alive on my own terms.

It is usually called “eliminating your own map” or “felo de se”.

He was unable to place the experience in a temporal framework – one that would allow him to make a narrative of it, so as to render him once more the teller of his own tale, rather than the plaything of fate.

Which is surely what we all want to be, whether we’re novelists or not.

Florian Niedlich calls this development a ‘religious turn’[□]
Wolfgang Funk calls it ‘the return of the supernatural’.

You know what it is, I figured it out. I looked it up. It’s quantum entanglement. It’s not a curse. It’s quantum entanglement.

It’s like some kind of sinister amusement-park ride. You get in and discover that Satan is at the controls, and he’s smiling, and he has no intention of slowing down until everyone’s screaming at the top of their lungs.

I’d tell myself, “This is a very contemporary experience.”

Anyway, I woke up really early this morning and couldn’t get back to sleep. I looked at the clock. It was a little after 4.AM. Freaky or what. I lay awake and got to thinking – 4AM writer lives in America and is 5 hours behind British time which means she’s 9AM writer as far as I’m concerned, me being over in Scotland and all. So I just rolled over and went back to sleep.

He is an alcoholic writer with writer’s block as well as a philanderer, his younger lover is a budding writer and has other lovers, and his wife is a literary agent who copes with his lethargy and angst and pays the bills.

Summer has been bloated with criminal pleasures, as always.

It's been a big year for dishonesty.

The effect this has had on my understanding of 'plagiarism', 'multiple names' and 'art strike/refusal of creativity' can be gleaned (at least partially) from a close reading of the present text.

I don't think about that when I think about my work. I'm just having my little life and trying to spend my time on something that feels valuable to me.

She said I made virtues of her flaws because it was my nature to shelter loved ones from the truth.

Mohamed Atta—a note was left by him at Logan Airport where he said, "I will soon be with the women of Paradise." For him, the afterlife is one giant orgy, where in recompense for his profound act of violence he will get celestial orgasmic bliss.

In the almost 50 years that I have worked as a doctor, I have hardly ever seen a man die so entirely submissive to the will of God.

God made everything from nothing, but the nothing shows through.

He recently told me the most important thing in his life was his books, not human beings.

However, the overt desire expressed in the statement, "so real it hurts" is not for "hurt" - this is merely an effect - rather, it is for the "so real"—the superlative of realness—something really real.

Social media suggests you masturbate 2-3 times a day.

Only unimportant remainders of the work of the office "hiking, trips, vacations" were left, and eventually even those disappeared.

Pare it down. Prune the excess.

He had signed up for a ten-day silent-meditation retreat in rural France—no talking, no writing, no phones. He had planned, he writes, to publish an upbeat, subtle little book.

He spent last summer reading about Islamist terrorism. In the fall, he was reading Hannah Arendt.

Self-instruction is of critical importance to him, and provides the explanation for his odd behaviour and continual self-delusion.

Learning surrenders control to the future, threatening established power.

He has serious business to see to. Chants, numerology, horoscopes, recitations.

Who cares? Everybody has been doing everything forever.

I was trying to find a fictional way of expressing my political ideas because a lot of people find fiction more palatable than nonfiction when it comes to accepting an idea that they're not otherwise comfortable with.

Using the words "If I am right" shows uncertainty and might hurt his credibility with some readers.

Everyone is taking vitamins now. Trying to "optimize" their health and nutrients. Here we don't die, we shop.

I must have gone money simple.

Any point of view, any distinct voice that I've landed on, it's not a thing I have sought out. It's not a thing that I have intentionally fine-tuned.

Those who had preached a similar message on the political soap box were gone, burnt out, discredited, or dead.

In using the expression “paranoid style” I am not speaking in a clinical sense, but borrowing a clinical term for other purposes. I have neither the competence nor the desire to classify any figures of the past or present as certifiable lunatics.

After all these years no one has come forward to chide us and say, “ha ha, it was me! I got you all!”

An endless web is all they need for meaning.

A writer with literary ambitions who does something different is a bit specialized, a bit strange.

The novelistic inquiry asserts a factual premise, makes fiction’s argument based on that premise, then makes a different argument based on factual assumptions put in the alternative to the initial factual assumption.

There is something essentially paranoid about the belief that everything is connected to everything else.

Nevertheless, for a biographer the advantages of compiling a chronology from our subject’s writings, public utterances, private letters, diaries, photographs, interviews, and so on - all the detritus a lifetime leaves - are considerable.

Without deadlines, I rarely get anything done.

Also, at this time of day, there are people I am contractually obliged to communicate with. I therefore give my beautiful wife a good morning kiss. That is very easy as she is the love of my life.

There are plenty of important things I must do during the day. Rephrase. There are plenty of things I could be doing. Ought to be doing even. And if I could work out exactly what they were, together with the order I should be doing them in, then I probably wouldn’t be doing them in any case.

It’s a pointless exercise.

However, with the emergence of the washing machine and the increased use and ownership of washing machines, doing laundry frequently becomes not an exotic luxury, but a social necessity. In order to function well in our society, it is necessary to regularly do your laundry. If you walk about in obviously dirty clothes – and are not a construction worker or artist – you will be shunned by others.

One of the most disheartening experiences of old age is discovering that a point you just made – so significant, so beautifully expressed – was made by you in something you published long ago.

Do not place a photograph of your favourite author on your desk, especially if the author is one of the famous ones who committed suicide.

I'm not willing to die on that hill but I'll fight on it for a while.

What marks the novel's "progress" most particularly is that it does not discover objective truths about morality, say, as science would claim objective knowledge of the material world. Rather, the novel sees ambiguity and contradiction everywhere it looks, and its sole duty is to undermine those who would seek to impose the scientific, binary, either/or way-of-knowing on the human realm–totalitarian truth.

Beyond these themes, I have nothing else to say or to write.

I saw nothing but grass, a dirt road, and trees. No sign of any civilization, no air traffic, no smoke on the horizon, nothing.

In the realm of simulation and postmodern world, the symptom, whatever it is, simply appears.

This is where the novel has a nervous breakdown.

You don't get it, there is a darkness inside of me. It wants to get out, wants to walk around. It wants some walking around money, and it wants to buy some shoes.

There are different understandings of charismatic gifts, e.g. certain cessationists interpret some of the gifts, such as 'prophecy', 'the word of knowledge', 'the gift of faith' in natural terms.

We, the bankers and businessmen, have a monopoly on violence and wealth. We are grand and mysterious, and also to be feared.

I am not advocating a bag of tricks. I am talking about a new way of life.

There is a tradition with French and other European literary writers to look for a sinecure, say, the anxiety-free profession of civil servant, with few intellectual demands and high job security, the kind of low-risk job that ceases to exist when you leave the office, then spend their spare time writing, free to write whatever they want, under their own standards.

The conclusion is that we must reclaim our esoteric and occult methodology from the New-Agers and their complete vandalism of esoteric and spiritual methods.

Reading a text can be accomplished purely in the mind.

Observing that, through the abstract split of the contact line, unrecognizable blooms of flesh emerge, or are reabsorbed back into it when the mirror travels in the other direction.

For what he is saying, after all, is 'I accept', and there is a radical difference between acceptance now and acceptance then.

The stakes are very high when you write something down but, paradoxically, this knowledge renders these stakes absurd.

The thing is that practice is built on theoretical foundations that some consider irresponsible and perhaps downright wrong, however, I think they are more accurately described as terrifyingly ambivalent.

This balancing act allows for the creation of a sublime which is kept in check by the constant motion between its two extremes, unbelievably romantic and utterly empty.

This would be an example of things I write down in my notebook. It says, 'Mercedes deal.' 'Horror in bedroom.' 'Necking every two minutes.' 'Pornographer.'

So here's the idea. It's a dangerous vision, but one that should be the maraschino cherry atop this gigantic, indigestion-inducing banana split of an event. It's open to everybody who wants to participate, and it won't cost a thing.

I'd wanted to back off my shtick. Start with a new name. Publish a few things I'm proud of. Focus on the book. Not like this, but still – maybe it will be good for me.

There are plenty of events, but they lack coherence.

Dreams are central to the process of inward examination and individuation – so to ignore or dismiss dreams would be to neglect a wealth of insight.

One afternoon, you're sitting in your office with wads of cotton stuck up your nose. (For the present purposes, it's not important to know why.) Someone in your office has just baked a batch of chocolate-chip cookies. The aroma fills the air, but, since your nose is plugged, you don't notice and continue working.

A truly horrible thing to read. "I had the nicest plans but dear God does not want it that way." Well, shit.

I wish to make an examination of the capacity of the individual to be alone, acting on the assumption that this capacity is one of the most important signs of maturity in emotional development.

All we heard was the noise of the waves gently hitting the beach

Nervously, the man takes a breath and pulls the trigger. The gun clicks. He pulls the trigger again. Click. And again—click. The man will continue to pull the trigger again and again with the same result—The gun won't fire. Although it's functioning properly and loaded with bullets, no matter how many times he pulls the trigger, the gun will never fire. He'll continue this process for eternity, becoming immortal.

What the hell is all this about? God knows. All we can do is to endure.

A few months later, the paper listed among the symptoms of psychiatric illness “an exceptional interest in philosophical systems, religion, and art.”

The reply was a “masterpiece of disinformation”.

He relished it all, but he knew as soon as he had anything that he had a lot to lose.

I took for granted that the greatest novels were tricky in their methods, resisted casual reading, and merited sustained study. Just as the man's soul glimpses at the sight of a beloved memory, his perception picks up an advert, and so the memory fades into non-existence.

I was told that someone asked a famous theologian whether dogs go to heaven. His answer was that no one knows, but we ought to act as if they did. Can people see the sacred everywhere? I don't know, but we ought to act as if they could.

When the gods wish to punish us they answer our prayers.

The problem is that today everything that a scientist or social scientist could note down with empirical confidence is already written down. Not just written down but stored securely, copied and distributed in a format that is infinitely remixable. If the broadcast media could produce third order simulacra, then this must be the fourth order at the very least. Here, quite explicitly the only course of action is narration.

Whatever we do, it must be done quickly.

I simply must say I'm a little bit perplexed about the whole affair.

Again, yes, I did use passages from myself but from an old book of mine which was a theoretical book, not from other mass media. So what's the big deal? I don't get it, I must say.

In our contemporary times, another transformation has begun to shape the landscapes of reality and information processing in the human being—an old, but “new” paradigm shift in the experience of the reader is occurring.

I apologize if this seems fragmented. My brain has been addled by the casino reward schedule of social media. It is both a cliché and a fact that I cannot focus on anything for more than three minutes. That's half true, I read pdfs of outlandish philosophers, but I do it while frantically checking for notifications.

No matter how tired we are, there is still time for one more click.

The border that separates the physical world and the digital realm has been breached.

Some of the pressures that can force a poet “to become more objective,” or, as the English professor who writes for a CIA-funded magazine might giggle, “to come to terms with the harsh facts of life.” Or to escape into the forgetful symbols.

I'm not interested in connecting and reprinting found material in this particular context because it's a display of something that already exists but now, here, it's cute. I don't like cute.

The cloud system – it's almost identical.

Well, I think you have lost your tongue, you haven't finished your proposal, and it began so well.

No artist is pleased. There is no satisfaction whatever at any time.

The elite of New York, the elite who are beautiful, thin, anorexic, neurotic, sophisticated, don't smoke, have abortions tri-yearly, are antiseptic, live in lofts or penthouses, this superior species of humanity who read Harper's and The New Yorker. I don't think anybody downtown is in a state of grace.

Sometimes, confronted with the vast, metropolitan sprawl of life and its disappointments, you have to reduce yourself to your smallest unit, to slip rodent-like through the cracks and avoid all that gargantuan existential nonsense, those questions, asteroid-sized and incoming, Why am I here, where am I going, and what am I going to make for dinner?

Some ideas are never taught to us, nobody tells us that we're supposed to identify with the plight of the protagonist in any story. But we're still fundamentally attracted to the idea of doing good things over things that are commonly perceived as 'wrong' because our 'conscience' or 'instincts' as we have learnt to label it, is nothing more than a distant but visible manifestation of this same "being".

In her last years, she came to see the 'extraordinary difficulty' she had 'in doing an ordinary action' as a favour from God.

The holy battle is everywhere.

All paths or activities lead to the center of things.

Deep assignments run through all our lives, there are no coincidences.

At his trial the following year, authorities charged the 24-year-old with "social parasitism" and called him a "pseudo-poet in velveteen trousers." He had failed to "fulfill his constitutional duty to work honestly for the good of the motherland."

“Who has recognized you as a poet? Who has enrolled you in the ranks of poets?” asked the judge.

The perfect crime is far easier to pull off when nobody is watching.

But at bottom it is always a writer's tendency, his 'purpose', his 'message', that makes him liked or disliked. The proof of this is the extreme difficulty of seeing any literary merit in a book that seriously damages your deepest beliefs. And no book is ever truly neutral.

Many different methods will produce the same result.

The world feeds many fools.

Their creed includes key phrases such as “If it has a pulse – remove its skull!” and “let us cut God to see if He bleeds!”

We love this kind of death more than you love life.

So, it was, essentially, a meaningless and pointless death.

This is an operation, this is an exercise, this is an objective which is going forward because in the long run... it is the only way that will be able to prevail.

Oddly hollow, empty, no sense of dramatic towardness - no narrative movement toward a real story, no emotional movement toward an audience.

One could of course argue that this is not the real thing, but then - please, anybody - show me this real thing.

He stood up and leaned into the camera, an incarnation of pure hatred, as he shrieked and gibbered in his alien tongue, gobs of saliva flying from his mouth and dribbling down his chin.

The search could not resume until the black magic had been neutralized.

Surrender to the opportunity to pause.

If one looks at the books of personal reminiscence, one notices that nearly all that have remained readable after a lapse of time are written from a passive, negative angle. They are the records of something completely meaningless, a nightmare happening in a void.

Common comorbid characteristics include irrelevant capitalisation, religious mania, overuse of exclamation marks and veiled threats or warnings directed at the recipient.

When considering your options, go with tried and tested traditional values, rather than the unconventional novel approach.

If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit.

One of the basic principles of conspiritology holds that everything you don't like must be connected.

It is almost inconceivable that good novels should be written in such an atmosphere. Good novels are not written by orthodoxy-sniffers, nor by people who are conscience-stricken about their own unorthodoxy. Good novels are written by people who are not frightened.

Although culture as a category appears to be a 'universal' experience, none of its individual expressions meet such a criteria.

This book was first published against the advice of almost everyone who read it. I was told that it would do my 'image' no good.

It was a form of totalitarian modernism or creative destruction.

If you see what looks like typos, they are not errors. They are part of the text.

The novel is practically a Protestant form of art, it is a product of the free mind, of the autonomous individual.

Descriptions of intrusive sexual or violent imagery, urges to touch, tap, or even-up objects, and concerns about good & bad and right & wrong, populate the pages of scientific and self-help books and articles on OCD. Yet for some individuals suffering from obsessive-compulsive disorder, there is little hope of “finding themselves” in the pages of this popular literature.

Taken as one, what they're about is testosterone, balls-out fist-fighting, rage, mass suicide, necrophilia, estrogen therapy, chaos, sex addiction, disfigured fashion models, God, fetal brain-cell harvesting, telekinesis, pop-culture-hating anti-consumerism and, finally, the redemptive power of community.

We were made to last forever, and this life is like a warm-up act, a dress rehearsal, for the real show in eternity.

Disguised academic plagiarism “corrupts” and “contaminates” the “downstream” literature, and is “almost always serial.”

It is the form of the crime that interests him, not the criminal.

The positives and negatives of becoming a legend – especially before death – is a key theme here.

You have a right to scrutinize and verify and correct.

It's the same old stuff, the same old points, nothing new.

He was a man of middle stature, with a voice that combined sharpness in the enunciation of syllables and words, and softness in tone. He spoke neither too quickly nor too slowly, but at an even pace, without hesitation and very clearly.

The joke's theory was there's no audience and no director and no stage or set because in reality there are none of these things.

The slogan “An Appeal to Heaven” is less dramatic than “Give me Liberty or give me Death,” but in its own way it is equally forceful and evocative. It is a call to action couched in the words of a philosopher rather than a politician.

As I was writing, I realized that the code of this or that character is made up of certain keywords.

The latter years simply aren’t very interesting. Even all the implied fucking is boring.

I don’t want you to rehabilitate me. Make me interesting.

I really do sympathize with the people who send me hate mail because I feel like I know exactly how they are thinking.

To transform a servant into partner, companion and colleague, loveliness into love, love into lovemaking, lovemaking into loving.

If books are dolls we put ourselves to bed with, this is the doll for those who want to cut and glue their Barbies into monsters.

Books made by remaking other books.

Of course, the ugliness “shows,” and the crowds scatter.

Even when we think we’ve “done all the research,” new information can turn up of its own accord, e.g., in the form of an unexpected trove of letters or an interview with someone we didn’t think would talk to us.

The mentor remembered memories. Em recalled experiences.

A woman hiking near Mount Evans told the news station she was asked to leave by police because, “a naked woman matching the description with a gun was spotted in the area running through the woods.”

“Perplexed” is a word that often describes him.

Indeed, it was reported that he had the skills to kill a terrorist “with a pen or a credit card, or just his bare hands.”

I’ve blocked a door with piles of paper, going out of the house isn’t a solution, breathing the air outside isn’t a solution either. I’ve cordoned off the front door with yellow police tape.

There are dozens and dozens and dozens of these kind of documented pieces of information.

Aside from the line “the FBI ought to be abolished,” the text is dull, the kind of stuff I heard a hundred times at backyard BBQs.

In the résumé he shared with potential clients, he identified himself as a counterterrorism specialist who has used “online undercover techniques.”

It can be defined as the experimental (techno-)science of self-fulfilling prophecies.

In the process of reading about this idea, I came across the quote, “fiction is often the best fact.”

The bold letters spelled out ‘is there no help for the widow’s son’.

No, he did not want to do a coup, nor did he secretly worship the devil. No, he was not a crypto-Satanist. He was just a Catholic.

The novel aped all the errors and that was clearly deliberate.

What I learned was this. A chronology is one of the basic tools of intelligence analysis, a listing of facts on a given subject in chronological order. The evidence that goes into a chronology is first collected in a ‘serial’. A serial is basically a file containing every bit of information on a given subject in the order it was received.

If the report says subject X showed up in place Y on day Z, in it goes, even if you know subject X had been buried in a distant city a month before. That report, as given, means something and you can never know what, for sure, until the end of time, if then.

More than realism or its rivals, the dominant literary style in America is careerism. This is neither a judgment nor a slur. For decades it has simply been the case that novelists, story writers, even poets have had to devote themselves to managing their careers as much as to writing their books.

Of course, if this doesn't change anything and the book doesn't meet expectations, i'll have nobody to blame but... um... you.

Clever readers, which you all are, will no doubt see a certain symmetry here.

Like, say, that between contemporary Western life and radical fundamentalism? I'm sure I'm not the only one.

Friends have asked me, "What's a nice Jewish boy doing becoming an expert on Mary Magdalene?"

I have some unusual interests.

He exported Bibles to the East Indies and stray cats to Caribbean islands and again made a profit. Eastern missionaries were in need of the Bibles and the Caribbean welcomed a solution to rat infestation.

The Intelligence people sure do pay a lot of attention, spend a lot of money keeping track of all the poets and all the cultural figures that write books and novels and essays.

One reason for this is the accelerationist schema rejects politics as a sentimental excrescence, as a matter simply of buttressing the incontinent egos of wet liberals and feeble Marxists.

The reason I'm talking about all this is I'm setting up the stage.

There was a break-in into his house, where he kept all his stuff, and all his magazines and files and mimeograph stuff.

I'm sure that one day they will know what happened to the money.

What happens to desire if there is nothing else to desire, or to knowledge when all is known or to the ultimate truth when it is revealed?

“Immediate” has something to do with the sentence “I want to read something that means something to me.”

You are the most fantastic, fucked up book I have ever had the pleasure of randomly picking up. An advert for the book shops of airport departure lounges you are, if only they contained more like you.

If there is one thing I hope you take away from this piece, it is an understanding of “technique” and “technical” thinking.

We must understand that technique is very much an integral partner to the idea of “Progress.”

I know I promised to get back to the subject of organizing primary research in biography, and I'll return to talking about data files and headnotes soon. Before that, however, I'd like to pass on an idea that comes to us courtesy of - get ready - the CIA.

We plunge into the virtual past in order to find our memories there and bring them to the surface of consciousness, as upon the surface of the ocean.

The internet told me I was going to the worst place in the world, and I didn't even know it yet.

This craving for exercise, when satisfied, is indeed a dependable antidote for the worst of writer's block.

What are you afraid of? Don't resist pain. That just increases it. Move into the experience, so you can move through it.

It could sing you to sleep.

He told me when he again suited up that his sole purpose was to find new women to fuck. Not the worst motivation, but something he should have thought out further. His literary oeuvre has suffered due to a bloated perversion of his obsession.

It was equally important to add the "disclaimer" that we wanted our wishes fulfilled only if they would be in the interests of our higher selves to keep them from possibly backfiring. Our instructor also advised us to phrase our requests in the present tense and to think positively, as if our patterned questions had already been answered.

However, historically, if satan gives you material powers, he will demand your soul in return. Many persons who have signed their name in blood to satan have suffered horrible deaths or have been killed in automobile accidents.

If you want to know Satan's nature... examine... ask him to explain his system.

Hitler was a vegetarian, as was Gandhi. Therefore, Gandhi, like Hitler, was evil.

He's retired now. Out in Colorado. They keep an eye on him but he still wants to be heard. The girls still write him horny letters. The world goes on.

No wisdom but in submission to the gods. Big words are always punished.

When I broke through the sadness, broke through the sense of despair at having wasted my life, I all of a sudden realized, "my God, I'm free."

The idea that you'd take your work "to the big time" was (to use the modern vernacular) a cancellable offense.

The existence of the other worlds makes it possible to remove randomness and action at a distance from quantum theory and thus from all physics.

My prediction is that future research will not support his claims. But when it comes to predicting the future, I could be wrong.

Fantasy, paranoia, enthusiasm and reality.

You see the pattern, don't you?

It happens through beauty, truth or goodness.

Catastrophe is the past coming apart. Anastrophe is the future coming together.

Some people, of course, take a kind of pleasure in repudiating their own past. Some, whether they wish to or not, live long enough to become negations or caricatures.

And then suddenly you have four books on the best-seller list, and people are suing you for plagiarism when you haven't plagiarized anything.

The key to hypnotism is suggestion. The subject, left to himself, does nothing.

As it happens, we have recently picked up our pens and set ourselves some deadlines to finally finish this book. We have no idea whether anyone is actually keen to read it, but we plan (or hope...) to write it nonetheless. A quick browse on Amazon suggests that this is how many authors approach their writing nowadays anyways.

I must create a system, or be enslaved by another man's.

Those first Christians probably didn't wear a medal proclaiming "I am Catholic," please call a presbyter," but they certainly expected the same miracles we do.

As he later explained, he wanted "never again to look in the face of a looter."

I'm not trying to send you out "on the road" in search of Valhalla, but merely pointing out that it is not necessary to accept the choices handed down to you by life as you know it.

If an event is sure to take place, if there is no tension, no expectancy then there is no possibility for disappointment. I am not master of events.

When he reached the end of death row three months later, on January 17, 1977, he was asked if he had any last words. Facing down a five-man firing squad, he said "let's do it."

If you see someone online these days being dubbed "a piece of shit," a "scumbag," a "knuckle-dragger," a "Neanderthal," or "subhuman garbage," what's mind-meltingly ironic is that the person who's lobbing these verbal shit-bombs tends to be a liberal - i.e., someone whose entire worldview is based on self-righteous notions of compassion and tolerance.

He sighed deeply. "You a bitch-made motherfucker," says a woman's voice coming from his computer. "You are retarded," it continued.

Tell your husband that his meal ticket just had his brains blown out, and he better be careful.

In contemporary terminology this process is sometimes described as "hastening the eschaton" or "hastening the apocalypse."

What if an artist's anonymity, the shroud around their biography, lasted for longer than a single press cycle?

I wonder about the timing. I have been wondering why all these people have all of a sudden come out of the woodwork. I wonder if there is a 'purge' going on.

This is alienation of an all-too familiar, ennui-inducing kind, rather than a coldly thrilling succession of future-shocks.

When you factor in the facts, it's hard to believe.

The French have a saying, "If working hard makes you rich, donkeys would be covered in gold."

It is so easy to fall into apathy, to wish to cocoon yourself in a little bubble of comfort and nice things. Equally, it is easy to grow to despise everything around you, for not living up to childish and unrealistic ideas about the world, to the point that you cannot bear the gap between expectation and fact, and so let that frustration out in destructive and terrible ways.

He tried to appeal to his strong belief in God to get him to stop drinking. "If you believe so much, why are you sinning so badly?" he asked. "God will forgive me."

The blue of the sky looks rather black to the eye.

Saying I am profoundly sorry is one of the reasons I wanted to write this book.

That's the nature of the thing.

Being "found" by an algorithm may seem a little science-fictiony, but it's not.

Doing anything, at this point, would take too long. So instead, events increasingly just happen. They seem ever more out of control, even to a traumatic extent.

If you've read the book, you could probably easily pick it out and think, "Oh yeah, that's definitely this story."

The first thing everyone says is that we're a secret society. But I'm here, I invited you here, there's a sign outside indicating what we are, and we're listed in the phone book. If we wanted to be a secret society, we sure aren't going about it in the right way, are we?

All-seeing, all the time.

I don't know - I'm making this up as I go!

The first consensus is that ours is an age of plenty. There is so much to watch, to hear, to see, to read, that we should count ourselves lucky. We are cursed only by too many options and too little time to consume all the wonderful things on offer.

I like this structure because it's stupid. Language needs to be freed to do what it wants to and can't do when it's supposed to give you the satisfaction of thinking I care about jerking you off.

There is no catharsis, no resolution, no end to desire. Like the beloved, a work of art, a work of literature does not let itself be mastered. The reader, like a lover, may not own it, may enjoy letting go, drifting along with it, and may not even get rid of it.

Sometimes a reset needs to occur.

Just as the category of 'man' collapses once there is no God, so too the category of the social collapses when there is no environment. The material world is laced with traces of the human, and the human turns out to be made of nothing much besides displaced flows of this or that element or molecule.

I'm a little worried, though, about all these outbreaks of life-style diseases. I carry a reinforced ribbed condom at all times. One size fits all. But I have a feeling it's not much protection against the intelligence and adaptability of the modern virus.

Years ago I dreamt of a coming apocalypse and thought it would happen about now, about twenty years after the dream. But I never thought so much would be involved.

At some point, you know that the work is done.
I am leaving it as I found it. Take over. It's yours.

It never ceases to amaze me.

Perversion to Match the Curtains

Every novel is just a form of false advertising.

A concerning side-effect of the popular smoking cessation drug Wellbutrin is increased suicidal thoughts.

We go to and fro our little affairs on an insignificant little planet orbiting an insignificant little sun. According to this view, the universe doesn't care if we - the little creatures who inhabit this earth - are alive or dead.

"Eve" signifies the mother of life, or of the living.

"Cain" signifies possession.

"Abel" signifies I live alone in the world.

Once the spring of deinstitutionalization was wound, it just kept going and going and going. And it continues today - disastrously.

It happened almost by accident. It was 2012, and Ms. Cain - who grew up in Orange County, Calif., under a different name - was three years out of college, alone abroad with a lot of time on her hands. Her command of Japanese was halting, and English titles in bookstores were wildly expensive. So Ms. Cain started reading things she could find for free online, and soon discovered fanfic - stories by amateurs that borrow characters and plots from established pop-cultural franchises.

And thanks to reality TV and social media, they think anything other than massive success is failure.

We allow ourselves to believe that a narrative is larger than itself, that it holds some portent for the long-term future, but soon enough we come to our senses, and the story, which cannot bear the weight of what we have heaped upon it, dies almost as suddenly as it emerged.

Here I am now, gazing into my computer screen, and Mac, this fancy bad-boy with his oh-so-responsive keys and pixelated glow, stares back, open to anything and everything I have to say. In Mac's eyes, I can do no wrong, I can be my most marvelous, un-pin-down-able, unedited self, free to explore without the

outside world's tight-lipped disapproval. Mac is sexy because he lets me say it like it is—he doesn't stop me or fret about what the neighbors might say if I make a lot of noise. And just like that, a whole morning has gone by!

Urgency is king, and immediacy presides over patience's funeral.

I am often trapped in situations where I have to do meaningless things.

Don't mind me, I'm just trying out a cognitive trick that's supposed to help with anxiety. It's called "anxiety reappraisal," and it boils down to telling yourself that you feel excited whenever you feel nervous. It sounds stupidly simple, but it's proven effective in a variety of studies and settings.

I wonder how many people don't get the one they want, but end up with the one they're supposed to be with.

My guess is that in your house - like my house - there's a constant tension between rules and relationships.

Well, I don't see how we can do a book now.

There are three things too much to bear—To try to sleep and sleep not—To love someone who loves not—To wait for someone who comes not.

Changes in setting do not have to be pivotal to the plot, but they can help an author who wants to advance a story without using direct confrontations with other characters to do so.

There is a long tradition of producers building tracks around wet smacks and exaggerated moans, and the lurid results range from the ecstatic to the cringeworthy.

"It is totally stupid to lose a major industry because of a virus," he said. "Why would you want to do that?"

What is sacred is not an object. It is not a book. It is not a place.

Learn what is sacred. Learn what is really sacred within you.

There is substantial empirical evidence for pain in fish. Animals' experience of pain cannot be compared to artificial intelligence (AI) because AI can only mimic responses to nociceptive input on the basis of human observations and programming.

What are you going to do about it? Sit in your ivory tower?

This course is completely different from others, it teaches you how to reset your mind using powerful visualization techniques and reprogram it for success. It enables you to lose your worries, cure depressions, forget stress and reboot your mind to the right programming. Removes all negative thoughts that damages your mind and replaces them with good strong positive thoughts. Then it teaches you how to protect your mind from bad programming and finally, it shows you how to reprogram your mind for success in your life. All of this can happen in less than 60 seconds or less.

You will have to continue with this method for a while but it soon clicks in and will become second nature to you.

It is a cruel act of vandalism when a work of art has been defaced, but artists defacing their own work is another story.

I opened a book and found myself reading the same paragraph over and over, a half dozen times before concluding that it was hopeless to continue. I simply couldn't marshal the necessary focus.

In other words, \$20 in 1971 is equivalent in purchasing power to about \$126.61 in 2020, a difference of \$106.61 over 49 years.

Flight 305, approximately one-third full, departed Portland on schedule at 2:50 p.m. PST. Shortly after takeoff, Cooper handed a note to Florence Schaffner, the flight attendant situated nearest to him in a jump seat attached to the aft stair door. Schaffner, assuming the note contained a lonely businessman's phone number, dropped it unopened into her purse.

Cooper leaned toward her and whispered, “Miss, you’d better look at that note. I have a bomb.”

In cultural niche construction, one or more cultural traits can influence the evolution of other cultural or biological traits by affecting the social environment in which the latter traits may evolve. Cultural niche construction may include either gene-culture or culture-culture interactions.

There was a scene where Harley was supposed to punch Wyatt in the face. The first time the actors attempted it with the cameras rolling, Strait fell to the ground after she threw her punch and the director called “cut”. Strait laughed and said, “I felt the wind on my nose on that one and I will never make you angry.”

We are constantly bombarded by an endless array of internal and external stimuli, thoughts, and emotions. Given this abundance of available data, it is amazing that we make sense of anything!

Will thinks she looks familiar. Isla is seasick.

It’s not exactly love at first sight, but the scene is later revealed to be the key to unlocking the film’s central mystery.

It is not my friendship that you seek, but, for aught I know, you may be scheming to add another trophy to your list of deceptions.

The hedonic treadmill, also known as hedonic adaptation, is the observed tendency of humans to quickly return to a relatively stable level of happiness despite major positive or negative events or life changes. According to this theory, as a person makes more money, expectations and desires rise in tandem, which results in no permanent gain in happiness. The concept dates back centuries, to such writers as St. Augustine: “A true saying it is, Desire hath no rest, is infinite in itself, endless, and as one calls it, a perpetual rack, or horse-mill.”

Take a gander at the half-naked male model, David Gandy, who is sitting poolside - just waiting for you to join him.

Americans seem to be obsessed with exercising, doing mental puzzles, consuming various juice and protein concoctions, sticking to strict diets, and popping vitamins and supplements, all in a valiant effort to cheat death and prolong life as long as possible.

Both your desires and your discontent can serve as guidance on how high to aim.

Kiss me through the phone sending love to people to show you care.

Lately, we've had to say goodbye to hugs and kisses on the cheek.

And if we can understand that switch, would we thereby understand something new about pain?

It starts with a mild complaint like "you didn't do the dishes." But it can escalate into a general criticism such as "you don't help around the house." That can evolve into passing judgment on personality "you're a selfish, lazy slob." It's the difference between a "state" (not washing the dishes) and a "trait" (you're selfish). It's the "selfish, lazy" label that hurts the most.

I get that you're mad and grieving and whatever, and I'm sorry your dad is dead, but he was trying to kill me and Mad Jack, and he kidnapped my sister!

"There's no such thing as originality anyway, just authenticity." As in "If it feels authentic, then it is?"

Turns out, that's a good thing. Because when confronted with absolute or even near silence, human brains and ears react in some pretty weird ways - ways that can result in a wide range of bizarre sonic experiences.

And their inner workings may even explain the auditory hallucinations associated with certain forms of psychosis.

Taylor wrestled back and forth in her head with how to end this and when to end, oh God, please don't stop please don't stop please don't stop.

"So even losers can win!" Of course, some losers can't win, period.

But enough about me.

To wonder too openly, or intensely, about the meaning of life sounds like a peculiar, ill-fated and unintentionally comedic pastime. It isn't anything an ordinary mortal should be doing - or would get very far by doing. A select few might be equipped to take on the task and discover the answer in their own lives, but such ambition isn't for most of us. Meaningful lives are for extraordinary people.

Every star has been set in the sky. We mistakenly think they were put there for us.

The tall poppy syndrome describes the cultural phenomenon of mocking people who think highly of themselves, "cutting down the tall poppy".

Road rage, office rage, ethnic rage, computer rage, erotic rage, economic and political rage, property and territorial rage, holy rage.

Apparently no photographic proof exists, but an acquaintance of mine was issued a written warning by Ypsilanti police yesterday after writing "Ypsilanti respects women" and "Ypsilanti doesn't need a strip club" in liquid chalk on the facade of our local all-nude strip joint, Deja Vu.

While you might've thought it's simply about a girl exploring her fluid sexuality by giving a woman a peck on the lips, it turns out Perry was talking about some VERY different lips!

Permission denied. In case you haven't sussed by now, "cherry chapstick" is actually a euphemism for a lady's coin purse.

The future of virtual reality will soon be here and all we can do is wait and see who will be crowned the king.

It's too late, there is no way we can reverse the environmental changes that will lead to our destruction. And the very idea of progress, of continual forward momentum, is precisely the engine of our destruction.

I start to daydream. My thinking slips sideways.

"Can you do that for me, love?"

"Of course."

"Good girl!"

He hadn't said a word about attending the symposium.

It was not disproven by further evidence.

The dry exactness of numbers and names has been regarded as documentary objectivity.

Take away the eyes, the cigarette, and those funny clipped words. The portrayal of the actress as a drunk, fading star who staged suicide attempts to claim her mother practiced witchcraft.

Contrary to popular belief, a liberal arts college or university might be perfect for you too!

Remember that this is an invitation, not an order to be there. Of course, the person wants you to go, or she wouldn't have asked. However, if you have other plans, or something else prevents you from attending, there is nothing wrong with declining.

There is no magic number for how many times a day you must masturbate to be diagnosed with a compulsive sexual disorder.

These ruins, he notes, are self-inflicted, rather than the result of warfare and international conflict, as with 9/11. The fascination with Detroit's urban decay is the direct result of economic failure, specifically the downturn of the motor industry in the 1970s.

This neglect of pleasure and fun from much of the drug research literature is particularly striking when we examine the contemporary research on ecstasy and other "club drugs." In spite of the fact that researchers have christened the clustering of drugs associated with nighttime dance events as "club or party drugs," the element of pleasure is still absent. It is as though pleasure has become unseeable within much of the research.

Two organisms that live together in symbiosis may have one of three kinds of relationships—mutualism, commensalism, or parasitism.

Perversion to match the curtains.

How convenient for Tatia. I guess getting a group of actors who've been trained in showing audiences their naked vulnerability was the smart thing to do. I'd hate to see what this video would have looked like if it involved Auntie Josephine or Louie, the deli owner.

The simple answer is that no one ever wants to return to a place where they felt they were treated poorly. I was constantly hassled, overcharged, ripped off, and treated badly by the locals.

There are many reasons and excuses people give for not remembering names (bad memory, poor listening, not paying attention, self-absorption, age). Perhaps you believe you are "not good" at learning or remembering other's names. This may be true, but it doesn't mean you can't improve.

How on earth do you award aesthetic points to a 75-minute suicide note?

The real meat of the text concerns the validity of participant observation. For example, you can design a questionnaire to find out why people shop where they do.

When the Angels help align you with the vibration of the Angel Number 444 this could be a message that they are giving you validation. The Angels want you to know that you are being fully supported. They are showing you that the path you are on is the right path and to keep moving forward!

His insane behavior gets him and Trash almost killed several times, but the real freak-out is when Trash wakes up one night to find a horny kid in bed with him rubbing his wang on Trash's thigh demanding Trash jerk him off.

OkCupid is, generally, a vast wasteland of deception, disappointment, and people with borderline-identical profiles who all self-describe as “quirky,” so there's limited competition for my favorite part. And admittedly my actual favorite part probably has to do with the limited stabs at human connection the site has brought me, or the fact that I can make fun of it relentlessly yet still go on it all the time.

If something is boring after two minutes, try it for four. If still boring, then eight. Then 16. Then 32. Eventually one discovers that it is not boring at all.

Transient global amnesia (TGA) is a neurological disorder whose key defining characteristic is a temporary but almost total disruption of short-term memory with a range of problems accessing older memories. A person in a state of TGA exhibits no other signs of impaired cognitive functioning but recalls only the last few moments of consciousness, as well as possibly a few deeply encoded facts of the individual's past, such as their childhood, family, or home perhaps.

My memory becomes amazingly sharp on the way to the airport. That's when I remember all of the stuff that I forgot to pack.

As a side-note, being truthful with yourself is an inside job.

I will write about crack-addicted lesbian nuns. I can turn it around in three months. I need the job.

I'd keep a folder of favourite work from each year to look back on, and then maybe throw things away later on - not when the glue is still drying!

In other words, this is about becoming self-aware, of noticing what is happening, and claiming it.

In psychology, sublimation is a mature type of defense mechanism, in which socially unacceptable impulses or idealizations are transformed into socially acceptable actions or behavior, possibly resulting in a long-term conversion of the initial impulse.

In this sense, any given figure is already a figure of absence. The differentiation against a background, just as the above mentioned cleavage inflicted by the figural upon the image, from inside the image, is the mark of a split. It is the sign of an interruption, the opening of an internal abyss.

I blink once, then twice. Nothing coalesces in nothingness.

Darkness focuses itself into luminosity, the pale pink St. Elmo's fire of my inner eye. Is there really a light pulsating in the abyss? I wonder. Or am I going mad?

I've heard the alarm bells ringing and the red flag waving in my heart, only to go in the exact opposite direction of what I know is the path of least resistance.

But after elbow grease, some choice swear words and my grandmother's supposedly fail-proof combo of hot water, vinegar and dish soap, I usually managed to scrub off enough of the offensive glue, which clung stubbornly to all those items, especially anything ceramic or glass, that I could live with it.

Mr. Right may be too good to be true. That's the bad news. The good news? It doesn't matter.

Tell me the hole in your list, and I'll fill it.

They lack a stable configuration of specialized tasks or problem areas, nor do they have strong coordinating mechanisms which systematically interrelate results and strategies. The underlying matrix is a combination of high task uncertainty with a low degree of mutual dependence.

Another attempt at a definition interprets 'pataphysics as an idea that "the virtual or imaginary nature of things as glimpsed by the heightened vision of poetry or science or love can be seized and lived as real".

Also on the list were meats, oysters, and eggs, all of which supposedly irritated the nervous system and inflamed sexual desires.

It has become reluctant routine that they draw public's eyes into them and are treated with icy indifference. With a hope of switching people's eyes, the majority of people, these days, work hard of it in many ways—legalization of same sex marriage, holding a homosexuality festival.

For about a year, I have held clear goal in my future. Though I sometimes wanted to give up as it seemed too far from who I am now, I believed that is the nature of dream and held on to it. I thought of studying abroad and going graduate school because of this dream. I was seriously confused about that dream. I can't reveal the exact reason because it would tell too much about me.

It will be great and satisfying glory for every believer to dwell in heaven—but the highest glory will belong to that one, who is nearest the glorified redeemer.

Second, "to be well-pleasing." The adjective "well-pleasing" (euairestos) refers to "that which causes someone to be pleased."

Whatever your immediate response to the diagnosis, over time, you will find yourself experiencing a variety of emotions.

I suppose the world affords more such instances—at least every one's acquaintance will furnish him with examples enough of such as pass most of their nights without dreaming.

True self (also known as real self, authentic self, original self and vulnerable self) and false self (also known as fake self, idealized self, superficial self and pseudo self) are psychological concepts, originally introduced into psychoanalysis in 1960 by Donald Winnicott.

Every time he told someone he loved them, a natural disaster broke out. So he tricked fate by working up to it—
“Isle of Man, Isle of Wight, Isle of Capri, Isle of You.”

Constituted as a committee of public safety for the defense of viticulture, we all swear to unite for viticultural defense, which we will defend by all means. Anyone who, for reasons of interest, ambition or political will, would prejudice the original motion and thereby render us unable to win will be tried, convicted and executed on the spot.

We also know that positive, “benevolent humour” – “laughing with” rather than “laughing at” others – is especially rewarding. Indeed the way our brains process other peoples’ laughter seems to indicate that laughing with someone has more emotional depth and is more pleasurable than laughing at them.

Most people throughout the world, I am sure, desire to have a good society, to live peacefully, to live with certain tranquillity, with certain security.

A ring of fragrant, bright white blossoms will create a serene display at any funeral or wake. This classic wreath is delivered on an easel, and is a thoughtful expression of sympathy and admiration.

They regarded death as a temporary interruption, rather than the cessation of life.

Rainy days used to comfort me. But, ever since Hurricane Harvey, they make my head pound and my chest tighten.

I took a walk down memory lane at the grocery store yesterday, taking photos of foods I used to buy because I thought they were healthy.

I knew it was over when I got home from another long day at work and my kids told me that mommy took them out to Burger King to eat and told them they were moving to Canada and Daddy wasn't going with them.

Your hunt is an irresistible song of dread which muddles your prey's attention.

The problem with this line of thought is that in order for the somewhat virtuous person to enjoy virtuous acts, the amount of pleasure generated must exceed the amount of pain, so that the act is overall pleasant. Yet virtuous acts are often not overall pleasant for people with somewhat virtuous tastes.

"I'm very bored and depressed."

It seems like a dramatic jump to go from discussing the boredom felt while trying to find something good to watch on Netflix to talking about the meaning of life, but the two are intertwined, at least according to the existentialists.

We use the word trauma most often for big T events like abuse, addiction, divorce, assault, neglect, or loss. Yet, when we only categorize trauma as big T, we neglect to register and acknowledge the more common human experience with little T trauma.

The laws of the tetrad exist simultaneously, not successively or chronologically, and allow the questioner to explore the "grammar and syntax" of the "language" of media. McLuhan departs from the media theory of Harold Innis in suggesting that a medium "overheats", or reverses into an opposing form, when taken to its extreme.

Much has happened in the last 16 weeks - but through it all, I have remained more or less in the same exact place.

Many bakers are highly skilled at using internet tools to turn “crumbs” into “bread.”

“Good thing it doesn’t work the other way,” Alex said dryly, “because as often as I think about you, you’d never get any work done.”

Gentlemen, you were cruel and ungrateful. Moreover the repression which you enforced after the events of June cried for vengeance. You became accomplices of reaction, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

The experience of love is magical, and yet, painful.

However, if a police officer sees a couple engaging in sex, he may very well charge them with this crime.

Up to a point, this is a good news story.

They fear dismissal, they desire continuance or promotion. Fear, as well as whatever sense of duty they may have, helps them to resist temptation.

“I can’t put my finger on it,” I later confided in my friend, “but there’s just something about him I don’t like.”

Sightseeing list in hand, they wind up at the same place, same time, as the couple exchanging the notebook.

I sucked back my stick of rat poison and nicotine and pondered the blissful future.

“Let’s get pregnant at the same time, too!”

These reflections build up with each reflection and decay gradually as they are absorbed by the surfaces of objects in the space enclosed.

You can do this simply by getting a persons attention of who's soul you so desperately want to steal. In the middle of an unexpected time stop all things, put your hand on them lightly, gently turn them toward you and look into their eyes while you brush their hair out of the way.

Any flaw can be noticed - especially when you are going to meet someone for the first time.

A scenario is the complete identified possible sequence and combination of events, failures (failure modes), conditions, system states, leading to an end (failure) system state. It starts from causes (if known) leading to one particular end effect (the system failure condition). A failure scenario is for a system the same as the failure mechanism is for a component. Both result in a failure mode (state) of the system / component.

In perspective, theoretically the vanishing point is at infinity, and therefore unattainable.

The future cannot be predicted, but futures can be invented.

Any oxidation now means loss of iron, and consequent loss of wages and hard will wasted.

Hence most of us are doomed to display the quasi-psychopathic indifference to each other characteristic of the MDMA-naïve state.

I think that's how you grow.

When there's that moment of "Wow, I'm not really sure I can do this," and you push through.

I often think that I'm not sure what I believe or desire.

This affirmation happened to echo a line he had written just a few weeks before "I have refused resignation my entire life, choosing what to me seems essential and holding fast to it."

You know what I'm saying. I mean, it's easy to talk about. It's easy to sum it up when we just talk about practice.

These techniques are known as 'triggers' as they can induce, or 'trigger' hypnosis in willing volunteers.

The distinction between past, present, and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion.

What this typically feels like is that you're stuck in a bubble looking at reality, that reality is not real, that you're emotionally numb, that you're stuck in a dream, that other people are robots.

I can think in fully formed sentences if I need to, but the idea many of you have constant, never-ending, Virginia Woolf-esque trains of thought - properly expressed in language - is incredible.

I did something stupid and now all those people will think I'm stupid.

A sequence excruciating beyond any in memory.

How are you?

Fine. And you?

It has been quite a while... years!

Unfortunately yes, my dear.

Just a moment. You're famous now.

Liberation, which depicts ragged cloud forms, dizzying panoramas of cliffs, and wave patterns, suggests vast spaces and elemental forces.

A sovereign, like certain interpretations of the subject, presides over a territory as its authority. But, as we will see, neither.

I am using here the notion of an essentially contested concept as it is used in the philosophy of language.

The rights of the first work's originator must be granted to the secondary work for it to be rightfully called a 'derivative work'. If no copyright permission is granted from the originator, it is instead called a 'copy'.

Noises in the home lead her outside to the balcony where she finds a Latin proverb "Abyssus abyssum invocat" which means "Deep calls to deep" ("hell calls hell" or "one misstep leads to another") scrawled into a wood panel.

The girl sank into the chair and began to cry.

Too much time is spent chitchatting and talking.

Lacerating, coy, bloody, and so true I wanted to memorize lines.

I don't know how or why, but I'm willing to go wherever she wants to take me.

We don't jump off the 100-foot cliff or floor the gas pedal in a parking lot.

But that's when the 21st century brain is in use.

Soft blues and whites set the tone.

I have seen the best of you, and the worst of you, and I choose both.

Be glad that you have that one person who takes the fun out of everything. It only means that others are making things fun instead of the status quo.

Perhaps he is too much of a romantic bohemian to be an altogether rigorous analyst of our contemporary ills.

Adrenochrome harvesting, according to the conspiracies, is done by drinking blood, heart surgery, or tapping into the brainstem. The adrenal glands are located above the kidneys, so that's probably where you really want to look.

Form wrong, or not at all.

In the sudden triumph of seduction in apocalyptic culture there is also signaled the end of history.

As Baudrillard says, “Nothing can be greater than seduction itself, not even the order that destroys it.”

The pleasures of this kind of fiction are intellectual, like the puzzle-solving satisfaction of translating a language you only partially understand.

If you're getting a lot of grand pronouncements from your partner very early on in your relationship, they could be “love bombing” you.

I had never seen anything like it.

The beautiful, rich vegetation, the lemon and orange trees, and the vines seemed bathed in the soft, gentle light

And I wouldn't be surprised to see this going on long into the future.

Sentimentality is a flaw in a work of art, certainly.

On the other hand, there is a more rational approach to making decisions.

There has got to be a better way!

You justify it with the rationalization that “it was just going to go to waste” by explaining your actions and feelings in a way that is not threatening.

We are born corrupted in body and spirit—we are congenitally fucked up.

Venus' gaze is slightly cross-eyed, which lends her more charm and mystery.

Your lower lip stuck out when you were working out a problem in your head.

He constantly fusses over her, straightening the collar on her jacket or making sure every strand of blond hair is in place.

“Would the gentleman like a massage this evening,” Taylor asked with a smile.

This provides a “honeymoon period” of temporary symptomatic relief.

You don’t start growing hair under your arms when it’s time to quit trying to make it as an actor, and you probably don’t start compulsively masturbating when it’s time to buy your first house, settle down and start a family.

Isn’t the timing a little strange?

This book reminds us that data is anything but “raw,” that we shouldn’t think of data as a natural resource but as a cultural one that needs to be generated, protected, and interpreted.

The third theme of the non-novel is death.

Writer is utterly fixated on it and there are well over 100 sentences which simply record an alleged cause of death of an alleged noteworthy person.

The announcer was a journeyman with a whiskey sunburn and a heartrending comb-over who clearly hadn’t read past chapter two.

I understand that. I am getting back to this point, then, that you put yourself up as an expert.

The feeling of understanding (FU) is that subjective experience that encompasses all the emotional and intellectual processes we undergo in the process of gathering evidence to achieve an understanding of an event.

The students have learned nothing and we need someone to help us save this school year.

This is what he calls a “sacrificial crisis,” which in turn leads to violence.

You rarely get anything that you don't ask for

There are fifty-two million items in the New York Public Library, if you count the artifacts, like pieces of Percy Bysshe Shelley's skull and the walking stick that Virginia Woolf carried to the river's edge.

There are lots of reasons to be jealous of painters. As a rule, people like them better than poets, and give them more money for what they make.

The illusion is not just confined to the “body”.

There must be something wrong with me.

She played badly, but to see her was a delight with her black hair, those eyes, that skin, that bosom.

“Well,” she said at last, with desperate resolution, “you may come, but not this morning.”

If you do this sort of thing long enough - if you convince yourself that what feels good is the same as what is good - then your brain will actually start to mix the two up. Your brain will start thinking the whole point of life is to just feel really awesome, as often as possible.

Just like us, they tend to look at windows longingly when the weather outside is good, they don't like to grow old, and they try to keep calm in awkward situations.

Suicide was significantly more common among users of bupropion than among users of other antidepressant drugs.

Certain good things are happening for the first time in this country, despite the fact that some people don't want to admit it.

A collection of fraud, falsification, plagiarism, and nonsense.

Taking an abstract idea, giving it form, refining proportions, placing lines, integrating functionality, and giving this spark of imagination a real, physical presence is a process that gives me great joy.

"Exhausted, overwhelmed, and anxious."

"I'm feeling fearful and fatigued."

"Frustrated and dismayed."

"The current workload is not sustainable."

A working self-concept is how you think of yourself in a given moment.

This working self-concept is variable, because we can't call to mind all aspects of our self-concept at all times.

A perceptual illusion, sensory saltation, holds promise for use in vibrotactile displays.

I just come and talk to the plants, really. Very important to talk to them, they respond.

If you're standing across the street videotaping, and I'm in a public place, carrying out my public functions, [then] I'm subject to recording, and there's nothing legally the police officer can do to stop you from recording.

Astrid Proll's 1998 book Baader-Meinhof Pictures on the Run, 67-77 about Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof and Eduard Mörike are mentioned, and the film ends with the fact that the man burns the same woman's body and goes jogging as in the first shot of this film.

I say my last name is my cross and my delight and that if I'm there it's just a matter of love.

Everything will be seen in this movie. Everything.

But some species in the animal kingdom are lucky enough to enjoy a life without fear.

When she left, I broke through the wall. The creeping emptiness I had felt most of my life became a full-blown Nietzschean void.

Is it an error or event if it is not clinically significant?

He was thrust into what became his life's work by one well-timed sneeze.

People with thought blocking often interrupt themselves abruptly mid-sentence. They might pause for several seconds or minutes.

Now it's June and I've been taking a break from social media for the past few months.

I mean, they say that living well is the best revenge.

Mystical experiences in general do not follow doctrinal precepts. They are what they are, and the doctrines are off in another room somewhere.

What's critical then is that in linguistics, these are not referred to as mistakes, instead they are termed virtuous errors (an oxymoronic, 'good-wrong answer') and are rightly celebrated for the skills they display.

The witch can grab you from behind and slit your throat so be careful.

Everything is a figment of your imagination if you don't see it or hear it.

The door slammed shut as John entered the cold hallway to their flat after a long day at work. It had been a dreadfully long day at the clinic.

I was a child prodigy and, as with most child prodigies, my adolescence and early adult years were filled with strong feelings of isolation and guilt.

Everyone has a few memories from their childhood that seem so vividly true that we cling onto them.

No, hot tub sex won't stop you from getting pregnant, but there are still a lot of great reasons to go underwater.

Loukanikos, the valiant dog who faced down Greek riot police during the height of the eurozone crisis, has died.

There was a big part of me that was like, 'Oh my God.'

I remember when it happened and read the book, I don't know him but we did visit the gazebo where they hung out. The town had cleaned it up by then.

The girls hadn't kept quiet about the murder, before or after the fact.

I am visited in the hospital by three boys and, barely able to speak, I say, "finish it, you pussies."

An unsuspecting john would think he had bought a night of pleasure, go back to a strange apartment, and wind up zonked.

Exploding head syndrome is a parasomnia. A parasomnia involves undesired events that come along with sleep.

But maybe geniuses make for bad role models. A genius is by definition inexorable.

Look, we're not going to rewrite the rules here.

Can we get control of an individual to the point where he will do our bidding against his will and even against fundamental laws of nature, such as self-preservation?

“Am I really meant to be here,” you wonder. How quickly will they find out I am a fraud.

Synchromysticism admits the reality that anything can be connected with meaning to anything else.

“At the risk of contributing to the veneer of ‘cover-up’ that surrounds any discussion of the USS Liberty story, my only recollection is that we did nothing because we found nothing new or substantive.”

Neither, it seems, has anyone else.

But there are, in fact, two murderers prominently featured on Mark Jackson’s 1989-90 trading card. It’s the Menendez Brothers, two of the four people seated courtside in the picture. And the photo was taken after they murdered their parents for their insurance money in their Beverly Hills mansion in 1989.

Accidents do and will happen - and that’s what happened last Friday (February 10).

In other words, he’s been dumped in the ocean for a deep, deep sleep.

This brief phrase, “then, it is war,” was quickly transmuted into the laconic “oxi,” the Greek for no, by the citizens of Athens.

We argued that day, horribly and in public.

The more beautiful and pure a thing is, the more satisfying it is to corrupt it.

Carnal Knowledge demands that its spectators consider expressivity, regarding a character’s impassive or laughing face.

It never was really his language or even the affect of his descriptions as much as simply his historical existence that I believe has made him stick around as “taboo.”

In 2013, Dolours Price was found dead in her home from an overdose of sedatives and antidepressants – a desultory end to a woman of such passion.

Not once did he pause to make one of the engaging or humorous or explanatory remarks customary at poetry readings.

In a world where no one need be delusional.

The world is cruel that way. It doesn't promise anything but delivers everything instead.

It's an absurd legal epic but also a cautionary tale about how getting mad online can go horribly, horribly wrong.

“Mental illness.”

People really need to do some research on psychological warfare tactics.

This article is basically one big piece of it.

He was an “inconvenient” intellectual disliked by many politicians, especially on the right.

We created this horror story over many bottles of wine.

A story that is over 40,000 words is generally considered a novel. However, it will be on the short side, as the average length of a novel hovers around 50,000-70,000 words.

We have quite literally thrown away a glorious chance to claim three points at a time when we really need them.

I know this book is a hoax.

Aggression, coma, completed suicide, delirium, dream abnormalities, paranoid ideation, paresthesia, parkinsonism, restlessness, suicide attempt, unmasking of tardive dyskinesia.

I don't pay much attention there.

Investing that kind of attention to the sub-lexical character of words has rewired my brain.

An increase in ad hoc hypotheses may presage a paradigm shift and new explanations which encompass what were anomalies under the prior paradigm.

A Zero-Day (or Zero-Minute) Attack is a type of attack that uses a previously unknown vulnerability.

Maranzano tells a mourner at a funeral, "I cannot bring back the dead. I can only kill the living."

This association illuminates the perception that the mamlambo fed on human blood.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown.

They choose their own camouflage colors, they're virgins, and they're trained in the deadly arts.

"I wouldn't want to not have this," she says, eyes wide.
"It torments me. But it might be a gift for someone else."

My declaration today is no weapon formed against me shall prosper.

This book is about the lavender town syndrome, which is where a detective is received a case that beyond all belief.

We wish to inform you that tomorrow we will be killed with our families.

Trace can be seen as an always contingent term for a “mark of the absence of a presence, an always-already absent present”, of the ‘originary lack’ that seems to be “the condition of thought and experience”. Trace is a contingent unit of the critique of language always-already present “language bears within itself the necessity of its own critique”.

Deconstruction, unlike analysis or interpretation, tries to lay the inner contradictions of a text bare, and, in turn, build a different meaning from that—it is at once a process of destruction and construction. Derrida claims that these contradictions are neither accidental nor exceptions—they are the exposure of certain “metaphysics of pure presence”, an exposure of the “transcendental signified” always-already hidden inside language.

This “always-already hidden” contradiction is trace.

Narcissists, however, cannot self-soothe. Their feelings when they are embarrassed or disappointed overwhelm them, and they will act out those feelings.

The focus of this work is OS-CCSD-SPT(2), which is a second-order similarity transformed perturbation theory correction to opposite spin coupled cluster singles doubles, where in the latter the same-spin amplitudes are removed and the opposite-spin ones are solved self consistently. We demonstrate that, for non-multireference molecules, OS-CCSD-SPT(2) produces relative energies that rival the accuracy of higher-order methods like CCSD(T). For example, using PBE0 orbitals in the reference, OS-CCSD-SPT(2) exhibits a mean absolute deviation (MAD) of 0.66 kcal/mol with respect to CCSD(2) benchmark values for the non-multireference subset of W4-08 atomization energies (c.f. a MAD > 6 kcal/mol for CCSD). OS-CCSD-SPT(2) is free of empirical parameters, has an intrinsic scaling of $O(N^6)$, and makes no use of triples. It is also naturally amenable to higher order corrections—the associated third-order correction, OS-CCSD-SPT(3), which does involve connected triples and quadruples, exhibits a MAD of 0.44 kcal/mol for the same benchmark.

Then came squeals of delight culminating first in ecstatic moaning from Olga, then cries of ecstasy from Angela, and finally deep powerful gasping from Ursula.

This festival, which takes place around St. Brigid's Day, 1st February, is a five day event organised by the Brigidine Sisters.

Whether you are passionate about hunger, disaster, education, or any other issue, you will walk away with the tools you need to creatively engage your congregation.

Don't forget to bring your phone!

You're clearly backing a corrupt politician that has lost touch with reality who is guilty of far more crimes then the ones I've accused her of.

So you can spend as much time as you want trying to pick apart my theory, but I'm seeking the truth for the American people, and you're just trying to support an unlikable corrupt criminal politician.

And don't say anything you would really hate hearing directed at you.

We willingly accept the loss of concentration and focus, the division of our attention and the fragmentation of our thoughts, in return for the wealth of compelling or at least diverting information we receive.

Bupropion is a pill you take to reduce your craving for tobacco. Bupropion does not contain nicotine and does not help you quit smoking in the same way that nicotine replacement therapy does. But like other medicines, it decreases cravings and withdrawal symptoms .

The way it does this is not entirely known.

It hasn't been until recent years that death has been brought "out of the closet" and challenged.

Participants (N = 162 aged 11–17, 98 male) indicated which strength of imaginary hot sauce they would allocate to each of their classmates.

The size and complexity of a web project will determine what it's timeline from planning to launch will look like.

The goal is to stand up for my position no matter how much others attack and belittle me and my ideas. I also learned to be as calm and relaxed about it as possible. The more I stood up for my ideas, and practiced on slowing myself down, relaxing my muscles, and loosening up, the easier it became.

A young boy discovered a small cache of ransom bills along the banks of the Columbia River in February 1980. The find triggered renewed interest but ultimately only deepened the mystery, and the great majority of the ransom remains unrecovered.

Niche, in ecology, all of the interactions of a species with the other members of its community, including competition, predation, parasitism, and mutualism.

If i'm hidden, it's to better reveal. I block as much as I allow to pass.

Her stage name originates from Hecate, the Greek goddess of sorcery.

A stripped down version of sass-bootstrap containing only the grid system and some responsive utilities.

The concept of aesthetic supererogation offers a new structural framework to understand both the pernicious nature of this oppression and what may be done to mitigate it.

Thousands of studies reveal the best ways to cut your carbon footprint.

To lead a climate-friendly life, kiss the car goodbye.

The job of the advanced consumer is managing anxiety, period.

Could a lack of vitamin D be contributing to mental health problems?

Twenty six years after this photo was taken I'm delighted to report the featured horse is still alive at the remarkable age of 31.

Increasing one's chance to succeed and increasing one's power to serve.

And when by the closest inspection at her mirror in the broadest light, she saw no flaw in skin, hair, or teeth, the Baroness proceeded to dress for a drive.

The benefits of black spot treatments were estimated in terms of crash.

Bedroom producers are often self-taught, learning sound design, mixing and music theory by reading music production blogs and watching tutorials on the internet.

If you are a New Yorker the fear is there somewhere, maybe buried deep beneath the surface of consciousness, or maybe right out there in the open.

The fear is that from out of the chaos some maniac will emerge to pointlessly, stupidly, inexplicably hurl you, blast you, cast you into oblivion.

Theory is never so fine as when it takes the form of a fiction or a fable.

It is composed of either 4, 12, 22, 42, or 72 letters (or triads of letters), the last version being the most common.

Getting into the box is a puzzle within itself, making it a luxurious collectible piece.

Serotonin syndrome is typically caused by the use of two or more serotonergic medications or drugs. This may include selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor (SSRI), serotonin norepinephrine reuptake inhibitor (SNRI), monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI), tricyclic antidepressants (TCAs), amphetamines, pethidine (meperidine), tramadol, dextromethorphan, buspirone, L-tryptophan, 5-HTP, St. John's wort, triptans, ecstasy (MDMA), metoclopramide, ondansetron, or cocaine.

The fallacy of adding too much value is that by adding value you kill the ownership of other people's ideas. When you add to the idea it no longer feels like it is their idea.

It's important they know that what really gave them pleasure was the novelty, the experience of something different.

I have been in contact with several other members and we all agree that changes in barometric pressure definitely causes more dizziness than without having a change in pressure.

Antonio Brown is obviously the better football player, but Andy Dalton has been more valuable to his team IF we're comparing them to the replacement-level baselines for their respective positions.

Whichever one your family traditionally opts for - charades, Monopoly, Trivial Pursuit, the million-pieced puzzle with the vital piece missing - games are a great way of getting everyone together for some good old fashioned fun and, most likely, a row.

"Officials said there was disagreement among intelligence officials about the strength of the evidence about the suspected Russian plot... Notably, the [NSA], which specializes in hacking and electronic surveillance, has been more skeptical..."

People have gone to war, killed each other on account of fear.

In style and on schedule no matter the weather.

There is division between us. As long as nationalism, racialism, tribalism exists, you are going to kill somebody or somebody will kill you. If you have no nationality, then what do you identify with?

She must see her old china broken without a sign, and her best glass shattered with a smile.

Just when you thought it was safe to enjoy your newly empty nest, your adult child decides to move back in.

Manufactured by General Mills, the chocolate, strawberry, and blueberry-flavoured cereals with marshmallows that turn milk brown, pink and blue began haunting grocery store shelves in the early 1970s, with the debut of Count Chocula and Franken Berry in 1971, and Boo Berry the following year. All three were a hit with kids everywhere and a fourth cereal, Fruit Brute, was introduced in 1974. Sadly, it wasn't as successful, and was discontinued in 1983. A short-lived fourth offering, Fruity Yummy Mummy, was released in 1988, but low sales resulted in production being ended in 1993.

People who were at the peaceful prayer recalled the person saying the vigil was "meaningless."

Life without you is like a broken pencil... pointless.

Dogs who turn to a life of crime stealing household objects can range from teething pups to bored adults. Reforming a canine robber requires that you first determine the motivation behind the crime and then formulate a plan to prevent future heists.

Writers have long been beset by the question of how to snatch reality out of the jaws of life and wrestle it onto the page—what does it mean to say a work of literature feels real or true or has the whiff of the authentic about it? And is that the same as saying that we believe in it?

Is a connection between Scott and Katie developing? Or is it just a drunken mistake?

I will close with a little example, appropriate because the title - the correct title - is 'Window on the World, Sunday Morning'. You see right through the window. Not one speck on the glass.

While stress around the time of learning is thought to enhance memory formation, thus leading to robust memories, stress markedly impairs memory retrieval, bearing, for instance, the risk of underachieving at exams. Recent evidence further indicates that stress may hamper the updating of memories in the light of new information and induce a shift from a flexible, 'cognitive' form of learning towards rather rigid, 'habit'-like behaviour.

The Dry Mouth Feeling. Woman gently touching her chapped lips. Lack of saliva makes the skin in and around your mouth dry and tight.

Your lips.

What they had witnessed in the last hour required the silence of personal reflection.

Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then? And if you were here - would you kiss me again?

The trick is to find a form of organizational structure in which your business gets the most benefit from the pros and suffers least from the cons.

A beautiful, sunshine-filled afternoon is just what the doctor ordered as baseball returned to Southeast Missouri.

There's some form you have to fill out in order to claim the benefit, but I can't put a name to it at the moment.

There is a positive element to loneliness. Quick hits of lonely feelings nudge us to "get out there and connect". Humans are herding animals whose bodies and minds develop and then function better in connection with others. Even introverts need some connection.

What they lack in ability to hit on hot girls, they make up for with flashes of brilliance. The schmucks and weirdos, meanwhile, are not without their charms.

They can make fine friends, and can be fun at parties.

I am a non-child having dog, and my work schedule is basically all over the map. I work, did some reading, cleaned the dog house, and had time to chew on a bone.

Momma said no pussy cats inside my doghouse.

He is the most miserable person I've ever known and is constantly angry at everything and everyone. He refuses to do anything to help himself, either to be more employable, learn new skills, get therapy, or do anything outside of the house except go to the bar. He refuses to see how his own patterns of behavior have contributed to his problems. His answer to everything is a "fresh start," which means me upending my career and him starting over again in a new place.

The fatal accident inquiry that followed the tragic masonry collapse identified a catalogue of "shoddy" repair work that had been carried out on the three-storey building in 1989.

The decision to change the clock's time follows an extremely unsettling year in global politics. Obscene threats of nuclear annihilation pass on a seemingly monthly basis.

But just because I know things seldom change in my neighborhood doesn't mean I have to like it.

Rather than answering the messenger verbally, Tarquin went into his garden, took a stick, and symbolically swept it across his garden, thus cutting off the heads of the tallest poppies that were growing there.

The truth is, I can feel a rant brewing, so what better place to release my emotional opinion than in a public space on the internet?

The messenger, tired of waiting for an answer, returned to Gabii and told Sextus what he had seen. Sextus realised that his father wished him to put to death all of the most eminent people of Gabii, which he then did.

“Will it be missionary, doggie, cowgirl... or would you prefer a blowjob?” He watched her, his dick twitching like the trigger finger of a Western gunfighter.

The antidote to frustration is a calm faith, not in your own cleverness, or in hard toil, but in God’s guidance.

You want the person to be comforted by your message, not feel obligated to drop everything to visit you, or outdo your gesture.

The Ares III mission was a human mission to Mars, orchestrated by NASA - but hey, you go to the movies to get an artist’s perspective of real life.

But what about the bots that are not? With no sales pitch and definitely no “hey, I’m a bot!” responses, would you be able to tell the difference?

Hey, you don’t know me personally, yet I know everything regarding you.

I’ve been committed to exercise and beauty for a long time and, if you must know, it stems mostly from a high level of vanity.

Self-destructive behaviors have been shown by many people throughout the years. It is on a continuum, with one extreme end of the scale being suicide. Self-destructive actions may be deliberate, born of impulse, or developed as a habit. The term however tends to be applied toward self-destruction that either is fatal, or is potentially habit-forming or addictive and thus potentially fatal.

As a consequence, like the commodity fetish, as described by Marx in the first volume of his 1867 text Capital, it deprives the world of history and politics.

Within a day or so of impact, your bruise will darken to blue or purple .This is caused by both low oxygen supplies and swelling at the bruising site. As a result, hemoglobin, which is typically red, begins a gradual change to blue. This darkening can last through the fifth day after injury.

He prayed this, at the Last Supper just before he went out to suffer and die for us. As such, he highlights that a chief aspect of his work on the Cross is to overcome the divisions intensified by Satan. Some argue that the Greek root of the word “diabolical” (diabolein) means to cut, tear, or divide. Jesus prays and works to reunify what the devil divides.

With a suitable picture of documentary objectivity we can avoid endorsing the claim that no film can be objective or the corollary that only documentaries that reflexively acknowledge the biases of their makers can succeed aesthetically or ethically.

If sending regrets because of a job, which often happens with Friday weddings, make sure that’s the reason, not a convenient excuse. “You don’t want to post vacation pictures on Facebook when you declined because of work,” Miles says.

Countercurrent exchange along with cocurrent exchange and contra-current exchange comprise the mechanisms used to transfer some property of a fluid from one flowing current of fluid to another across a barrier allowing one way flow of the property between them. The property transferred could be heat, concentration of a chemical substance, or other properties of the flow.

Another thing that isn’t unique to my experience in life is depression and anxiety. When depression hits, it really throws down. I lose my love for life, my interests, my motivations, my care. It’ll take me hours to find a reason to get out of bed or out of the car, or wherever I happen to be when it hits.

The theory is that getting the female body used to exposure to male genetic material makes it less likely that her immune system will attack a fetus bearing those traits.

“It’s okay if you want to touch me,” Bucky says, apropos of nothing at all.

“I’m touching you right now, Buck,” he says, arms tightening in their hold on Bucky’s waist.

“No,” he says, and Steve can practically see the cogs and gears turning in his head. “I mean, more.”

“Of course, Buck, I could do that.”

“I just - I mean, it’s just I-” he falters, unsure of what words to say and the right order to say them in.

He also explored how language could be used to reinforce a false sense of self, leaving the true self linguistically opaque and disavowed.

Basically that’s how I could describe it, a pleasure overload.

All my friends say like, you know, I get very, very friendly. They say like they look at me and they think that I’ve got like sunshine flying out of my butt. Like I’m so happy... it’s like... I can’t be any more happy.

The notion of the ‘frenzied’ poet composing in a state of ecstasy appears not to be traceable further back than the fifth century. Finally, this pattern and its subpatterns of fetishism and sadism are applied to an explanation of certain aspects of Russia’s domestic policy.

Debridement, referring to the removal of dead tissue by surgical or non-surgical means, is the standard therapy for necrosis. Depending on the severity of the necrosis, this may range from removal of small patches of skin to complete amputation of affected limbs or organs. Chemical removal of necrotic tissue is another option in which enzymatic debriding agents, categorised as proteolytic, fibrinolytic or collagenases, are used to target the various components of dead tissue.

This danse macabre was enacted at village pageants and at court masques, with people “dressing up as corpses from various strata of society”, and may have been the origin of costumes worn during Allhallowtide.

The strange thing is we howled with laughter.

The nights in bed together were, of course, the main occasion for this.

But don't assume that you don't have to go to court because you hired a lawyer.

Second, by splitting off being the person from being disabled, the implication is that being a person means being able-bodied. After all, if I'm a 'person with disabilities,' and you don't look at the disabilities, then what am I without them?

I ask people to show me the process, not just the results.

Each supervisor is configured with a function translating all possible failure causes (i.e. exceptions) into one of the four choices given above—notably, this function does not take the failed actor's identity as an input. It is quite easy to come up with examples of structures where this might not seem flexible enough, e.g. wishing for different strategies to be applied to different subordinates. At this point it is vital to understand that supervision is about forming a recursive fault handling structure. If you try to do too much at one level, it will become hard to reason about, hence the recommended way in this case is to add a level of supervision.

Based on my understanding, the notion of making time shorter or condensed is purely up to the individuals perspective on how time should be for them. In the nature sense of time, I don't think it is possible since the earth spins around the sun continually, not unless there is a way to control the earths rotation to deliberately shift the rotation left and right and slow down and perhaps stop the suns gravitational pulls influence on the earth then it may be possible. But I highly doubt it since everything in nature waits for no one and it keeps moving forward.

I do not feel guilty when I masturbate. Or, for that matter, when I write self-indulgent essays like this one.

Much of life is mundane. If you're lucky, you have just enough excitement to keep you on your toes and not so much it stresses you out and wears you down. However thrilling your existence, though, you have to learn to deal with some boredom, and the better you get at it, the more interesting you will be.

The short answer is that we are at risk with respect to those events because they affect us in ways that diverge from the path traced by our goal-directed controlled actions. When we have control over an event, we can count on it. However, events beyond our control, even those that carry positive effects, are events on which we cannot count, for example, in order to take further action.

Individuals will not be allowed to leave their homes except under strictly controlled circumstances, such as to seek medical care, buy food, medicine and other supplies, or collect a social grant.

The bed offers prolonged support, along with a more complex and satisfying perspective. Semi-prone, I can look out, over my laptop, to the outrageous display of azaleas and other blowsy Southern efflorescence outside the window, shaming me with the perennial "come hither" morphology of the flowers, and thence up into the leafy, austral vista and the great unknown.

Want to know the fastest and easiest way to instantly let thousands of people know that you're a jerk? Just do this.

Whatever means no matter what, anything that or the amount that.

Memory and smell are intertwined—it's through memory that we learn to remember smells, and disorders that take away memory also take away the ability to distinguish scents.

I don't take sadistic pleasure in this image, but I'm comforted by the idea that, despite knowing nothing about these people, I do know something
They've cried.

Maybe you forgot that you're a gorgeous soul too. Your story has made you who you are. Denying it a voice would be the ultimate self-betrayal.

Consistency of a discretization refers to a quantitative measure of the extent to which the exact solution satisfies the discrete problem. Stability of a discretization refers to a quantitative measure of the well-posedness of the discrete problem.

The other day I found myself saying to one of our girls, "I want to be a soft place for you kids to land." My words have haunted me since.

Whiteness is the "intensifying agent," creating "voids," "immensities," "depths," and "absence."

At the same time he harbored a lingering sense of uncertainty when he thought of the other men she might meet and find attractive - and fall for.

"I hope I don't get into trouble," Gutierrez said, "but everybody paid to see the horse. They should have a moment to see the horse."

I came on in a shimmering blaze, but the golden days and sharp, cool nights quickly dulled.

The high color faded and the land withered beneath.

To have day follow day in a wearisome iteration of experiences that have lost interest for us, is to have life reduced to a low level of dulled pain.

You might dodge successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get you. It was always at night - the arrests invariably happened at night. The sudden jerk out of sleep, the rough hand shaking your shoulder, the lights glaring in your eyes, the ring of hard faces round the bed. In the vast majority of cases there was no trial, no report of the arrest. People simply disappeared, always during the night.

“I am happy being autobiographical in the way I approach things,” she said. “If there is something I feel is needed in my life, or going on in my life, that will end up in the work. Somehow that imbues in the objects and the space something of me, which allows people to connect to it irrespective of what it is.”

We were five minutes into the worst turbulence I’d ever experienced – approaching Boston’s Logan International Airport in a severe winter storm – when I turned to the woman next to me and said, “Hey, would you mind chatting with me for a few minutes? I’m really nervous.”

Ritualistic behaviors might be centuries old, but they’re more important than ever in the digital age.

Violent sexual desire originating in lewd fancy, with deficient erection and excessive weakness, and great irritation of the nerves after the embrace.

I think I may say that in general it is one of icy indifference and hatred for genuine Christianity. This indifference leads men to live as if there was no God.

A deliberate challenge by an employee to an employer’s authority may provide a basis for cause termination. In some respects, this principle is duplicative of the gravity element discussed above, but it is worthy of examination.

It’s almost too satisfying – hacking up robots and sending their adorable heads flying across the wilderness shouldn’t be so much fun.

Not the rose’s blushing grace, not the radiant glories.

You have an endless outpouring of intriguing allure, and this black dress illustrates that fact perfectly.

I don’t think I ever hit the bullseye, but I was always aiming for it.

Still, the attention the Pentagon is now giving to the issue is probably small comfort to the dozens of American personnel who now suffer from traumatic brain injuries.

You've just got to learn how to play the game and do things the way producers and executives want. It's not always fair, but that's show business for you.

Poor me. There's nothing so sweet as wallowing in it, is there? Wallowing is sex for depressives.

There's nothing sweet about me.

However, I do believe that most of the stress in our lives is unnecessary, and that it can be eliminated by taking some simple (and some not-so-simple) steps.

"Listen, I need to know what is really happening here. Just tell me."

The girl holds out her dirty hand. She wanted something in return.

It appears as two curved lines which cross one another at two separate points. Each line has a symbolic meaning.

But a closer look at people with a dismissive avoidant attachment style shows that their dismissiveness may be a defense against real or imagined separation or rejection.

The words may or may not be grammatically correct, but are semantically confused to the point that the listener cannot extract any meaning from them.

It describes a world weariness felt from a perceived mismatch between the ideal image of how the world should be with how it really is.

It could be translated as "the tears of things."

Only by breaking language, destroying syntax, vilifying semantics and ignoring usage can we begin to see beyond the Black Friday of mindless consumerism and take back the orphaned human imagination and give it back its job of providing new ideas and promoting new ways of seeing that transcend the blind pack of popular wolves that would dumb us down and make us all speak the same idiot language of mass communication and digital mummification that has kidnapped originality, creativity, and individuality.

Look, I've never written a novel but how hard can it be?

I mean, these things are all pretty much the same anyway.

I do not care which of us has written this page.

By glorifying the early-morning superhero, we're ignoring a critical detail about productivity.

A lot of things will never be finished.

This is a prediction from the past, not a declaration from the present.

In modern times it has been taken up by literary figures and connected to depression.

To forget oneself is one of the great joys of writing, possibly the greatest joy, but we're not living in a moment when people are encouraged to forget themselves.

Our understanding of love has been hijacked and beguiled by its first distractingly moving moments.

Beautiful people living in beautiful houses surrounded by stunningly beautiful Canadian landscapes.

This is your erection on antidepressants, painkillers and cholesterol.

I felt terribly guilty for thinking about work at such a tragic time.

Prudence is not something we are born knowing how to practice though, we must be taught to recognize truth.

I feel the pain of you inside, I feel the human heart. For when you ache with pain, I also hurt. I have felt the pain through the centuries.

Depraved-heart murder, also known as depraved-indifference murder, is a type of murder where an individual acts with a “depraved indifference” to human life and where such act results in a death, despite that individual not explicitly intending to kill.

Guillotine? Are you an opponent of privilege? It is ten thousand to one you are. In that case you are, though you may not know it, an opponent of learning too.

Call me a killjoy, but I'm not a huge fan of the “happy funeral” trend.

I spent a long time watering a plant made out of plastic and I curse the ground for growing green.

It could have been nothing else, but how awfully vivid, how terribly real.

In other words, you're not excited about what I've done for you.

If you expect a certain type of heaven, you get that.
If you expect hell, you get that.

You might decide you want a lawyer to help you with your case.

I've no intention of changing my plans just to fit in with his. He's full of good intentions, but he never does anything about them!

You can protest until the sky turns yellow or the moon turns blue, and it's not going to change anything.

Few topics that I write about garner as much interest, attention, and emotion as that of passive-aggressive behavior.

But mixing work with romance, I don't know, is it ever worth it?

Maybe I need you to take control so I don't have to figure it out.

Violence is the gold standard, the reserve that guarantees order.

If life in one place is squeezin' you too hard, get up and find you a better place. You get up and go when you're ready, you hear?

What she doesn't know is that if she did so, it would make her feel better.

The press has been atypically lenient in its review of his atrociously indecorous behavior.

"I wonder why he did that," Lucile had thought to herself.

If we don't need ordinary objects in our causal explanations, it is often held, Occam's razor enjoins us to eliminate them.

Hidden behind thin striations of water-streaked dust, the work appears to be largely illegible.

I asked her what the difference is between a populist poet and a poet laureate.

We are called "the salt of the earth."

Fluctuating upwardly between sheer ecstasy and plummeting downward into disparaging, disgusting despair.

You look at what can go right in a future scenario, not at the worst outcome.

Was that guy stalking that older lady? The woman in the baseball hat looks very shift. That older gentleman sidles up very well.

“You must leave the premises at once. Please stop... Intruder,” the voice announced, “you will now be escorted off the premises by force.”

The “stages of change” or “transtheoretical” model is a way of describing the process by which people overcome addiction.

We’ve all been there. After a really long day at work, all you want to do is get under the covers with a glass of wine and your phone, and online-shop for 45 minutes before passing out.

‘Loneliness is just a feeling’ says one of the passersby.

The overarching aim of the strategy remains the same.

It is disconcerting when we can’t quite sort out the relationship of an image to the world.

In order to protect their identities, organizations can become self-obsessed and display extreme narcissistic behaviors, which will, in the long run, lead to decline.

They are missing out on one of life’s great experiences, which is surrendering to the delicious regression of dependency - using pet names, cuddling, sleeping in each other’s arms, or talking about what’s troubling you just because it feels good to have someone to talk about it with.

Be sure to avoid anything too intimate as a starting point or you’re likely to offend the other person. Don’t ask if that is her real hair color or if he is a regular at the gym.

“You were not invited as an afterthought. This will always be your home. Feel free to choose any other room you like... I’m going to bed.”

The critical step in water splitting is the formation of a peroxo bond, the mechanism, thought to involve oxyl radical formation, remains elusive.

“Stonewalling, or shutting down, is another of John Gottman’s four horsemen of the apocalypse,” says Krawiec. “Storming off, silent treatment, or disinterest are all examples. Although conversations can be conflictual, turning toward your partner instead of pushing away during times of stress is actually healthy. When couples can reveal, share, comfort one another they release stress hormones that are good for both the giver and receiver.”

One way to get a sense of why love should so often be considered close to the meaning of life is to look at the challenges of loneliness. Frequently, we leave the topic of loneliness unmentioned—those without anyone to hold feel shame—those with someone (a background degree of) guilt. But the pains of loneliness are an unembarrassing and universal possibility. We shouldn’t - on top of it all - feel lonely about being lonely.

Sadly, millions of people go about their lives in a constant state of low-grade fear and anxiety, forever on high alert for danger.

At that time though, undifferentiated schizophrenia was often a vague diagnosis given to a patient or to medical records department for essentially non-medical reasons, which could have covered any number of mental illnesses from anxiety to depression.

No, they are not synonymous. A coquette is an insincere flirt, it has an implication of deliberate manipulation, and malicious intent.

Slogans on the banners read in French or Occitan, “victory or death!” □ “enough of speech, deeds” □ “death to fraudsters” □ “bread or death” □ “live working or die fighting” □ “to have so much good wine and not be able to eat bread!”.

When I admit my love for speculative fiction, I often feel like I should be in a high school gymnasium or church multi-purpose room being clapped at by others who have accepted their “little problem.”

“Across 6 studies testing current and former romantic relationships,” the authors say, “we found that although people think that women are the first to confess love and feel happier when they receive such confessions, it is actually men who confess love first and feel happier when receiving confessions.”

Your immune system learns to see these antigens as normal and usually does not react against them.

I can't give you a step-by-step guide to moving slower, but here are some things to consider and perhaps adopt, if they work for your life. Some things might require you to change some major things, but they can be done over time.

The poets and the psychiatrists have tried to define romantic love. The kind that leads to love and marriage and divorce, but they have all failed.

The same goes for understanding a seemingly duplicitous partner.

When I first fell in love, it was a hot thing - urgent, possessive, almost feverish at times. I truly saw love as being two souls in one body.

We have to deaden ourselves (a horrific thought) to the loving voice of God's Holy Spirit who warns us.

This painful state comes from the sun burning your eye cornea. It occurs if you don't wear sunglasses at altitude.

If, now, I do that which I do not desire, I consent to the law that it is good.

Since I do not know what else it can be, I will further assume that non-conceptual content can be equated with phenomenal content.

I consider myself well read, but there has been no plan.

False deadlines are still good to hit, but the consequences are far less dire.

Tina asked brightly.

“Looks like it,” Cindy smiled.

Jewel raised her eyebrows.

“Quite a change of lifestyle, isn’t it?” she said.

“Hope you won’t find it boring here.”

History has all the good stuff—murder, illicit sex, betrayal, soap just like the movies. So how can history be boring when even soap had a movie?

Human sexual drive is a primary drive—it is not optional. We have a sexual drive as long as we have enough to eat, drink, and sleep, and are not under undue stress.

If you have any concern, wait.

In sales, as with life, if you don’t ask, you don’t get.

They came in the store, no one ever bought anything. Once they asked for water. This is a kind of folk-theory of human behavior.

The important thing about it is that, according to the theory, our cognitive insides are made up of things like sentences (constituting what I believe and what I desire). These sentences interact in a sort of logical way, yielding implications and eventually actions.

When people say “severance package,” they mean the same thing as a “severance agreement”, which is maybe the more technical term.

Sometimes it might be hard to know if a fight or a sigh or an eye roll or a found voodoo doll indicates that a relationship is ending or if it’s just in a bad patch. But it does seem like typically you might notice some signs the end is nigh.

You may be advised to do things you don't feel like doing, such as talking with friends when you'd rather stay in your bedroom all day. It will get easier to do such things as they become habits.

None of it made any sense, and what made it even worse was he really had nothing.

The sky was something else.

It was churning with a million shades of color, chewing on rainbows and dribbling ever more luminous hues. Everything was a million shades of green.

"You mean the moon moon?" she asked.

"Yeah, like upinthesky moon. How come you don't know?"

"Oh," she said, "I don't think about things like that very much."

It is still unclear how this activity in the brain is related to the ego, or even if it is. Some still suggested that psychedelics can separate regions of the brain, such as the momentary separation of factual or autobiographical information and a sense of personal identity.

She doesn't end the book rude and unpleasant.

But I still did not want to be friends with her because she was deadily dull all the way to the end.

I considered calling my publisher and demanding a new editor, but really I did want to finish the novel.

It's very classical but it's extreme.

It's different from a lot of contemporary where you don't so much have to worry about the lines you're making, but with this you do, and then some.

Shame needs three things to grow exponentially in our lives: Secrecy, silence, and judgment.

Really, I just got so mad.

I don't want it to stop, and my internal organs feel safe. The power of being held. That embrace? It just told me you want to be closer to me.

That is, until you realize that these bird calls are not made by living creatures.

If every instinct you have is wrong, then the opposite would have to be right.

You deserve good things, Canfield told me. Give yourself some quiet time, do something nice for yourself every day, and tell yourself that. Repeat it.

Upon reading the above, readers may say that other things are of greater concern now.

With these limitations in consideration, we must constantly make statements that, through the translation of conversation, don't make sense.

There are so many obstacles to expressing our own ideas by stringing words together that, perhaps, make this task impossible.

The disruption of "identity, system, order" by that which "does not respect borders, positions, rules."

A general idea—music. A specific idea—the music of Mozart.
A general idea—exams. A specific idea—the exam I sit tomorrow.

She feels so lucky to have found such profoundly satisfying work and to have the opportunity to meet so many wonderful women.

In an attempt to feel it more fully, we label our outer experiences with the word and not the meaning.

I was wondering if free will had any place in such a purely physical view of the world? If everything is cause and effect, does that mean that we effectively cannot impact what occurs around us and in our heads? That all our actions are the result of electromagnetic waves in our brains?

One exercise involves hanging your heels off the back of a step, and lowering and raising them repeatedly. Do this slowly at first, then more quickly as your strength improves.

Because smoking is often used as a way of coping, smokers need other ways of dealing with stress, anxiety or other problems if they want to stop smoking.

Are you solving yesterday's problems with tomorrow's solutions or, tomorrow's problems with yesterday's solutions?

Speaking out about culture of 'fear and chaos' led to my dismissal.

She's still making choices you disagree with, still dating the guy you hate, and still getting into all kinds of sloppy trouble every time your back is turned. Nothing has changed at all... except, of course, that you're more miserable than ever.

Enforcing rightness, or what I deemed to be correct operating procedure, was a passionate pursuit until I realized the effort no longer fed the deeper pieces of myself which needed more than compliance or enforcement to be healthy and happy.

That being said, I've realized I'm all I really have anyway.

People who are lonely are sadder, die sooner, and their loneliness impacts the rest of us.

When we turn our heads to the left it means, I love you more than anything in the world. And when we turn our heads to the right it means, watch out, we're in danger. We had to be very careful in the beginning not to mix up I love you more than anything in the world with watch out, we're in danger.

Let's say you get to be good friends with someone from school or work. At those kinds of places, you'll probably end up getting to know a bunch of people, maybe even hang out with some of them from time to time. But maybe this one person is a little extra special. You'll text or call each other a little more often than other friends. You'll both have these moments when the two of you just click really well. Like maybe you'll find out the two of you went through some similar incident that really affected both your lives. Maybe you'll learn that the two of you struggle with the same areas of life. It'll probably be something that will make you say "Hey, this person's pretty important to me."

At times, being severely depressed meant going out every night, getting as drunk as possible, and hunting for something (or someone) to distract me from the internal void.

A Case of 'Chardonnay Fatigue.'

The swan that gracefully moves on a lake is a picture of elegance in motion but what is hidden from the eye is the activity going on beneath the water's surface. We don't see the hard work conducted by the swan's webbed feet which propels the graceful motion we see and admire.

He's running on a treadmill in front of the mirror in his gym. She's coming back from work, behind the wheel of her Smart car. Will they meet?

The future passes through old buildings.

Ridiculously photogenic smashed face.

Basically giving me the 'burn the witch' treatment.

A cluster of kaleidoscopically mutated flowers.

Frankenstein and his monster.

Sorry, I forgot you two are always working on something mysterious and confidential.

The pair are 98% ego and 2% talent.

He set out to take 300 orange Xanax, ten at time, between house chores. He brushed his teeth, took ten pills. He made the bed, took ten pills. He showered. He walked Miles. He got the mail. Then he stopped remembering.

Some people see an idiot, and some people see themselves.

I'm the latter, for sure.

She threw herself at me, screaming and crying. I was half-asleep and the dog was still coming at us, snarling and growling.

Erotic nostalgia is, for the most part, is a bad omen.

The fear here is that there is “no truly universal truth.”

We're sorry but something went wrong.

Husband and wife said little to one another and parted in “tears and sexless embraces,” and in vague and vacuous talk.

A glitch that has now been identified as “touch disease” that is frustrating users everywhere.

In this sense, each film in discussion is able to create situations, sensibilities and perspectives through various cinematic techniques, tying what is by nature separate together.

The number of pages in my last prenuptial agreement were greater than my current bodyweight in imperial pounds.

I suspect that there's a definite meaning there, but it may only be as part of an ecosystem of other, related books that those meanings might emerge.

“You’re going to ruin your life, Natasha! If you don’t stop this, you’re going to wake up in a padded room wearing a straight jacket one day. Or you’ll end up in jail or with some terrible disease from all this stress or you’ll end up dead. It’s okay to be a romantic, but not one that is this hopeless and obsessed and unhinged. You have to stop.”

The only applicable word is Hell, which gets tossed around a lot, though only in the Biblical sense, not as a curse.

There is no sexual innuendo nor any dirty jokes.

Let us begin again with pure yellow. If you add a very little bit of red to the yellow you can see the yellow turning to orangeyellow.

‘The firmest of all principles’ – thus Aristotle introduced in the *Metaphysics* (1005b) the principle later known as the Law of Non-Contradiction (LNC), which can be formulated by claiming that contradictions cannot be true in any possible circumstance. The Law enjoyed an almost spotless reputation in Western thought—Aquinas, Leibniz, Hume, Kant, Russell, Lewis, and other major philosophers took the LNC as the supreme cornerstone of logic and rational thought.

I installed a malware on the adult vids (sex sites) site, and there’s more, you visited this site to have fun (you know what I mean). Once you were there on the website, my malware took control of your browser. It started operating as a keylogger and remote desktop protocol which gave me access to your webcam. Immediately after that my software collected your complete contacts from your Messenger, FB, and email. I created a double-screen video. First part shows the video you were watching (you have a good taste lol...), and the second part displays the recording of your webcam.

How can you show your work even when you have nothing to show?

If you’re in a dry spell, it’s okay.

Requirements risk is the potential for losses due to a project's requirements themselves or the requirements management process. Such risks are closely tied to the quality of requirements in that low quality requirements represent a risk to the project.

From the moment we are born we are destined to die. Death is a part of the life cycle, an inevitable outcome of life that brings closure to a life story.

The remarkable accuracy of an O(N⁶) perturbative correction to opposite-spin CCSD_{are} triples necessary for chemical accuracy incoupled cluster?

This is what stinks about this whole thing, it's not the aml - it's the discriminatory nature of this move, it's homophobic, it's misogynistic, and it's ageist.

The set-point theory of happiness suggests that our level of subjective well-being is determined primarily by heredity and by personality traits ingrained in us early in life, and as a result remains relatively constant throughout our lives.

When a noun followed by a restrictive clause is preceded by whichever or whatever, it is regarded as incorrect to introduce the clause with that informal writing.

When you think of a 'forest' what are you actually thinking of? What's the first image to come to mind?

Some mystics have referred to a "spiritual" sense, corresponding to the perceptual senses, appropriate to a non-physical realm.

Often the heart of the world seems closed and dark, and human sense uncertain and shaken, bright nature.

When not playing music, he took long walks.

You know i'm not getting better, or maybe i'm just getting better slowly.

Out of my pretty white blossoms grow the great juicy red cherries that delighted you.

There are literally millions of people in this condition in the English speaking world.

Make sure at least one of your questions expresses interest in what the company is currently working on and then tactfully weigh in. For example, you might ask, “will your new product have x, y, or z features and capabilities?” Then, after the interviewer answers, you’d follow up by offering your creative thinking on the subject, says Cole.

Jorge Delgado, previously hospitalized seven times for his paranoid schizophrenia, ran naked into St. Patrick’s Cathedral and killed an elderly usher.

Dennis Sweeney, Lois Lang, Van Hull, Michael Vernon, Steve Smith, Da Pei Wu, Tatiana Belopolsky... the tragic litany continues year after year.

How is it the guiding spirit that is shining through everything so often escapes the unseeing eye? Is it our wounded hearts, or our anxious busy thoughts that prevent spontaneous being?

There is such a sharp contrast between our actual experiences - at our soul-crushing jobs, in our detached social interactions, in our consumption of uninspired art, and the omnipresent narrative praising our society of abundance, opportunity, and enjoyment - we find it so difficult to effectively navigate our own thoughts.

Let’s just say, the jungle looms large, and no one is emerging as the leader who can clear a path.

Metaphor off now□There’s no one to vote for.

The American state in turn, the “deep state” and perhaps the Democratic Party establishment is targeting the left on all fronts.

Take it seriously. Teen Vogue does.

I am confident that I have nothing to hide... no suicide missions or secret rendezvous with terrorist organizations.

We need to violate people's expectations.

We need to be counterintuitive... but surprise doesn't last.

When events occur faster than a monitor can record them, a workaround is needed, such as replacing event recording with simple counting.

The Great Bath is now roofless, and the statuary and pillars belong to the 19th century, but much remains from the original complex, and the steaming, somewhat murky waters are undeniably evocative.

And I'm very comfortable because I'm in my country, I'm in my city, so I feel at home. It's no problem at all. Everything's fine.

It's OK to panic, just don't act on it.

"Anxious depression" - defined as depression with high levels of anxiety - is associated with poorer outcomes than "non-anxious" depression. Prescribing medications for these patients can be challenging. Some clinicians believe that bupropion exacerbates anxiety and should not be used to treat patients who experience both anxiety and depression.

Cops and newsmen often get along like cops and robbers. But there are times when the police eagerly oblige a journalist's least request. Last week was such a time. With the bitter triumph that only a cop can feel, lawmen in New York and Chicago captured two of the three men suspected of having killed two New York detectives during a stickup at a Brooklyn store.

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There is a growing backlash against the corporate web, which creates the opportunity for new projects within the cooperative web.

An alternative form, attributed to Louis himself, is “après moi, le déluge” (“After me, the flood”). This saying is believed to date from after the Battle of Rossbach in 1757, which was disastrous for the French. There are two possible interpretations—“after my reign, the nation will be plunged into chaos and destruction”—or “after me, let the deluge come”, meaning that he does not care what happens after his death. The second corresponds to the meaning of “après nous, le déluge” taken by Brewer—“ruin, if you like, when we are dead and gone.”

Much like paying attention to vignettes of violence and trauma, recognizing proxies of ecologic stress and adapting accordingly may yield fitness advantages.

Each of these expressions may appear angry or perturbed but generally, there is no emotion behind them.

As matters worsened, we all rushed out to buy things – anything – because shopping is our primary pastime. Fear steroidally heightened the urge to indulge it. Now I wake up each morning and think, “what should I buy?” As though a couple of cans of sardines are going to solve the problem (though I still bought the sardines).

Evidence-based medicine now routinely defines the standard of care for many conditions.

The 32-year-old photographer is accused of shooting her lover, Travis Alexander, in the face, stabbing him 27 times and slitting his throat from ear to ear in the shower of his Mesa, Arizona apartment.

Encino-based mall rats harmonize to “We Got the Beat”—wild children of the strip belt “Bad Reputation.”

Formality, restraint melted. They dissolved into laughter, and she knew that she would never forget the sound of it, because it was their first shared joke.

Sex and romance and blah blah blah, an ugly truth.

I'm fine. I just let something upset me that shouldn't have. I'm going to stay out here for a few minutes, but you two go ahead. I'll be there soon.

The precision of the various real-time functions may be less than suggested by the units in which their value or argument is expressed. E.g. on most Unix systems, the clock "ticks" only 50 or 100 times a second.

He preferred a probative authenticity of an aphoristic prose style.

It was supposed to make you smile. It was supposed to make you want to buy shoes. I get it. I do.

Yes, yes, motherhood is beautiful, life is simple and swell and nothing has changed, kids are innocent beings.

He acted in bad faith because he wanted the project to fail.

That's right, things aren't so bad. Look at the parking lot, Larry.

I just tuck it away in the back of my mind. I realize I must be the culprit some of the time, but I know it can't be me all of the time.

If you pay close attention, you can see that the blank spot on Leonard's chest that was once bare is now filled with a tattoo that reads - "I've Done It."

Some terrible error, a catastrophic insult, a danger so great - dressed in her best slacks, a red jumper with a streak of glitter across the front.

By the late 20th century, members of the high-status group had come to expect obsequious deference, exact significant financial tribute, and lay claim to legal privilege, as aristocratic and caste elites did in earlier centuries.

As the problem is written, most people choose a way of framing the problem that makes finding a solution impossible. To discover the solution, the initial problem representation must be restructured. This is thought to be the moment of creativity.

The conversation around irony and sincerity has been going for some time now, and this book posits that it is all performance, the lines that break your heart and the lines that make you guffaw come from the same artifice.

Equally fascinated and haunted by the vastness of the prairies and the solitude of the forest, I seek every opportunity I can to hike and immerse myself in these humbling spaces. This is, at once, a personal search for solace and an authentic means to translate landscape as a form of escape and a source of spiritual growth and well-being.

In truth, you end up feeling worse if you don't get enough likes or comments, or you see your friend's exciting lives and you feel like your pales in comparison. This only keeps you stuck and focused on things that simply do not matter. Start finding activities that are productive and absorb your attention so you don't feel drawn to social media. You will move ahead very quickly.

Cultural self-awareness refers to the awareness of how culture has influenced the self. This research investigated how such awareness might be related to cultural identification and well-being.

They were so close she could see their faces, and she was sure they could see hers as well.

I didn't mean anyone specific, more of a general observation.

"Look around you," he said, gesturing to the crowded street corners, "If you out here, you either buyin' drugs or you sellin' them."

It's like a mission creep of sorts, where you find yourself working a bit later, taking calls on weekends, being less inclined to play with your children or feeling more isolated and irritable.

Turning to the evidence, outpatient commitment has only been shown to be modestly more effective in reducing hospitalization or other adverse outcomes than noncompulsory outpatient treatment.

George comes home from work to find her best friend, Bill, has attempted suicide in her apartment.

Time does not heal all wounds. This is what time does—Time makes people uncomfortable with grief.

If it's your job to eat a frog, it's best to do it first thing in the morning.

The first two weeks are all about distractions, keeping busy, and being good to yourself.

She is a high school girl with swooping eyebrows, boy problems, and a webcam willing to listen.

A parent who viewed every act of independence as a threat and met each accomplishment in your life with jealousy instead of joy or praise.

Now, with Incapable doing the rounds, I get to cherish another slice of gold.

Pale leaves and slow, spindly growth. Treatment and control. Replace nitrogen in the soil by applying a balanced feed in spring to raise general nutrient levels.

Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralising on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand.

Shoulder-length hair is the most flattering length for every woman.

This is a perfect example of criticism, this partner may criticize your every move “you are going to wear that?” “why don’t you ever...?” “what is wrong with you?” The list goes on and on.

This is really an interesting situation.

This book is in Italian – and I don’t read or speak Italian.

They were always together, yet never familiar. I use that word in its worst sense. Their ideas were familiar.

“I’m sure. I’ll see you soon.” Celia kissed them both on the cheek, then handed Malcolm the keys. They got into the truck and Celia waved goodbye.

I guess you think I’m kicking you, Bob. But it ain’t so. What I’m doing is talking, you hear? I’m talking to all those villains down there in Kansas. I’m talking to all those villains in Missouri. And all those villains down there in Cheyenne. And what I’m saying is there ain’t no whore’s gold. And if there was, how they wouldn’t want to come looking for it anyhow.

We have come up with a solution that’s really, really I think very good.

It is widely assumed by many observers that these constructions could all be chalked up to a hypercorrection that has been apparent in English for a while.

The culprit was not some distant enemy but a close friend, a worship companion.

I lay on my bunk bemoaning my fate and yearned for the outside. A week went by. Damn. What is Judy doing? Wish I could call her. Damn, what a mess.

The girl with the brick's gambit works to kill God because nobody, not even the almighty, himself, expected it.

Okay, so I've done all of the above and now I appreciate the unique beauty of my location and what it has to offer. However, I've lived here a long time and this place just doesn't fulfil me any more. What should I do now?

We were the white whales she hunted, and we did not have a fucking clue.

Sugar was a lady's man in every sense of the word. He purchased dozens and dozens of roses, imported gourmet chocolates and love poems in elegant cursive. They were so romantic I almost agreed to sleep with him.

The last stage in this truly monumental undertaking will be to check the original sources.

I believe a novel should not preserve things, it should blank them out very very slowly around all those beautiful, corrosive things that are not happening in the world.

We all hate repeats, especially of dramas we are starring in.

The last dated entry in his notebook is from December 11, 1957, but in it he writes only of the past, remembering experiments and performances from his earlier days as a professional mnemonist.

He drank every day, smoked weed and did coke and pills when he could find them. He had chronic headaches and a sour, ulcerated stomach. And his teeth kept falling out. It was just like the anxiety dream, only he'd wake up and the nightmare was still happening.

After that, it breaks off into blank pages, as though inviting us to imagine other possible endings.

There are many reasons for work not being completed. Works are usually stopped when their creator dies, although some, aware of their failing health, make sure that they set up the project for completion. If the work involves other people, such as a cast of actors or the subject of a portrait, it may be halted because of their unavailability. Projects that are too grandiose might never have been finished, while others should be feasible but their creator's continual unhappiness with them leads to abandonment.

It might be a novel, but many assumed it was a real thing that people really did.

All of this being considered, you'd guess that I would be game for everything.

But you would be wrong.

Targeted Individual

From an artistic standpoint, it's best to let tragedy cool before gulping it down and spitting it back into everyone's faces.

Pain wrenches us from our everyday routine and allows us to experience the limits of our corporeal existence. It takes us to the brink, beyond which there is only the threat of death and the horror of corpses. The word turns into a cry, babble, howl. And in the end – into silence. And yet, the encounter with pain, with suffering and danger, brings recognition. Death confirms that life has meaning.

That's what the media alleges to present, the best versions of ourselves.

This may be due to large numbers of inexperienced threat actors coming merely to observe but not participate in activity, or that experienced users are creating "burner" accounts to post from a new username each time.

You picked this service because it doesn't show any of the usual disaster crap, yet the content is very lively, a sort of huge screensaver.

Like a parody of Marx's early vision of a communist society where it would be "possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticise after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, herdsman or critic" we are confronted with a future where I would drive others, do data entry, deliver food, write for journals, and browse Facebook or Twitter all throughout my day while still selling my time for wages.

Chalk it up to naiveté, altruism and optimism.

Expression converts experience into meaning because the discourse has an appeal to someone outside of oneself.

Every saying is an expression.

At such sights the nerves of the spine seem to stand erect, a sudden flare is brandished in our eyes, a question is asked which is never answered.

As a child, my dance instructor once told me to stop rolling my eyes.

The medic shields Big Boss from the blast and two men survive the crash, but the medic ends up losing his left arm while fragments of bones and teeth are buried within his body, including a large piece of shrapnel lodged within his cerebral cortex.

A hole in the head served as a mouthpiece to the gods.

I warn you that what you're starting to read is full of loose ends and unanswered questions. It will not be neatly tied up at the end, everything resolved and satisfactorily explained. Not by me it won't, anyway. Because I can't say I really know exactly what happened, or why, or just how it began, how it ended, or if it has ended, and I've been right in the thick of it. Now if you don't like that kind of story, I'm sorry, and you'd better not read it. All I can do is tell what I know.

As a dog returns to his vomit, so a fool repeats his folly.

Writing and research go hand in hand. Some authors spend years researching their chosen topic before advancing to the writing stage of the project. You can never do too much research. However, due to the fact that time is money, it's common for an author to spend no more than a few months on the research stage of a project.

It's quite a melodramatic thesis, isn't it?

When it works I have a ton to spare, I don't give a shit, I lose it as fast as it comes, and I get more. Active forgetting!

The ideal postmodernist novel will somehow rise above the quarrel between realism and irrationalism, formalism and 'contentism,' pure and committed literature, coterie fiction and junk fiction.

What matters is interceding when it doesn't work, when it spins off course, and the sentences are fucked up, and the words disintegrate, and the spelling is total mayhem. Strange feeling, when I was small, with some words. Their meaning would disappear all of a sudden. Panic. And I have to make a text out of that mess and it has to hold up—that is my fundamental schizo-analytic project.

Your perception, however instantaneous, consists in an incalculable multitude of remembered elements—in truth, every perception is already memory. Practically, we perceive only the past, the pure present being the invisible progress of the past gnawing into the future

It is typical of my unregenerable soul that I can only see this as a marvellous theme for a novel.

On the day he was born, he was already a has-been.

As there has always been happiness, contentment and strife, there too, has always been modernity and/or sleep alongside consciousness and/or true civilization. So I would make it clear before I go further, those devices which I utilize as clarification of my piece here are nothing new in essence, but in attempting to peel away their outward form and reveal the seed of sleep beneath, one can begin to work at modernity.

I do not like all forms of work but I do think that it is beneficial for people to participate in society. I don't think that cheating, stealing, and squatting, are healthy ways of coping with the existing society. I believe strongly that people should participate in the system. You have to do lots of things you don't want to in order to attain the things you do want in life, it's just the way things are.

The operation took forty-five minutes, he later reported, but it took four hours to clean the blood off the walls and ceiling. Ten days later, at a public happening in Amsterdam's Dam Square, he removed his bandages, which consisted of thirty-two meters of gauze that he'd painted with the words "HA HA HA HA" in psychedelic colors. When he visited a local hospital to obtain x-ray proof of his act, he was interrogated by psychiatrists, who suspected he was schizophrenic. He was held against his will whilst doctors performed three weeks' worth of psychological tests. They were forced to release him when these tests indicated he was completely sane.

I think they feel really impressed that, my God, he really put himself in danger to make us laugh. Then they get hooked and have got to see more of this guy.

You will never know either why I chose them, or why they were worth choosing, or why you approve or disapprove my choice, until you go to the texts, the originals.

A literary revenge is the most humiliating of all punishments - to be stretched on the racks of the poetry industrial complex.

Just because it's not 'real' now, doesn't mean it won't be real at some point in the future. And once it's real, in a sense, it's always been.

That is true to escape is the greatest of pleasures, street haunting in winter the greatest of adventures. Still as we approach our own doorstep again, it is comforting to feel the old possessions, the old prejudices, fold us round, and the self, which has been blown about at so many street corners, which has battered like a moth at the flame of so many inaccessible lanterns, sheltered and enclosed.

It's two in the morning when I get in and I have a message from the guy I saw twice last month. He's drunk but he's a poet and they're always drunk.

He starts, "I never tell the truth to my therapist."

Today I'm going to sit down and write a great poem, and it's going to be beautiful.

That was the situation well before a pandemic of suicidal despair overtook those whose livelihoods were decimated during lockdown.

He took the key to the top of the building, the heavens opened and received the key from the priest's outstretched hand.

I hope that one day we can look back on the evil that we're doing right now like the witches we burned at the stake. I want everybody to know that I hold nothing against them. I forgive them all. I hope everybody I've done anything to will forgive me. I've been praying all day for his wife to drive the bitterness from her heart because that bitterness that's in her heart will send her to Hell just as surely as any other sin. I'm sorry for everything I've ever done to anybody. I hope they'll forgive me.

Finally when my life came completely crashing down around me, as tends to happen to the grown-up versions of child prodigies, I found myself in therapy and being opened to the idea that, perhaps, there were other philosophical frameworks one can explore.

Are you sure Apollinaire is still alive, and that Rimbaud ever existed?

The answer to the question is that no matter how well we live and how well we provide our body with the best conditions, by focusing more on our breath, we will be able to stimulate our body to become healthier and happier.

A never-ending process of involvement with the world as mediated through the projects of the self.

Old. Tired. Sick. Broke. Alone.

That comes three pages in.

Since the language is arid, make it vibrate with a new intensity. Oppose a purely intensive usage of language to all symbolic or even significant or simply signifying 3 usages of it. Arrive at a perfect and unformed expression, a materially intense expression.

The whole world is an omen and a sign. Why look so wistfully in a corner?

But since not all of the past can be actualized in each perception, and since “the choice is not made at random”, something else must be at play – attracting certain memories and certain planes of memory rather than others.

Since literature is dead, I make do with writing for my friends.

The memories occurred most frequently when attention was diffuse. They were typically triggered by environmental cues matching central features of the remembered event.

Compulsive efforts to stop thinking about the obsession only seem to teach the brain that there is something special or interesting about the subject.

Perhaps I could help in case of a disaster related to biological agents.

I'm capable, I can get from point A to point B, why not?

I'd eventually like to leave again, of course, which is usually what separates me from the people who do visit those places within the movies themselves. But there's weird, cold comfort in those spaces. They're inviting, to me anyway, and it is not my custom to go where I am not wanted.

I shouldn't know what I'm making, or what it will be.

Late to the party, I admit, but sometimes you just can't get there on time.

After a hard day at work, who wants to come home and craft an experience by prospecting for a granule of intelligence or amusement that's buried in 100 billion web sites?

You can't compete with it – but you can destroy it. You can smash it to bits and put nothing in its place. You can bring down an avenging chaos on a corrupt world. We don't have to imagine people like that – we have seen them, again and again.

This notionally deterritorialized domain had a utopian quality, serving as an idealized zone in which artists might be able to exist and work on their own terms while contributing to something new—a meta-discourse that would generate new and more inclusive kinds of 'knowing'.

My fate, therefore, is absolutely fixed, no circumstance can bring me either good or evil, nothing remains for me either to hope or fear in this world, yet, though plunged into this fearful abyss, behold me tranquil! Poor, unfortunate, and infirm, but completely beyond the reach of suffering.

The misfortune is, that as imagination cools, they are represented with more difficulty, and are of shorter duration. Alas! 'tis when we are about to quit this mortal covering, that we are most embarrassed with it.

If I was an architect, I would be a bad one, because I don't like having blueprints. Of course, without blueprints, nobody knows what the building will be. But that's exactly what I like to do.

Somewhere out there, hackers and cyber-mystics are typing away furiously on computers in coffee shops and bus stations, creating new virtual worlds and building communities.

We get the utopias we deserve.

A slag-grey ocean, “a stream of more-or-less violent crime,” augmented reality contacts, drone-powered wi-fi, hyperreal body modification, thunderdome□ “This could be us, but you’re playing,” a voice offers□ your dreams and nightmares are not only possible, but also in your reach.

Local pollution gives the pearl its color.

Happiness is usually thought of as an end in itself. Just about everything useful is useful ultimately for happiness□ but happiness, despite its value, is useless.

The two thieves, obviously in cahoots and therefore “thick as thieves,” took the lead.

I paused□ then went close up to him□ stooped over, and saw that his dim eyes were open□ otherwise he seemed profoundly sleeping. Something prompted me to touch him. I felt his hand, when a tingling shiver ran up my arm and down my spine to my feet.

If we do not question what we take as the reality of our world, we are living by an alien will. Wresting ourselves from an alien will means we are living differently, it means that we have postulated and built a different reality, insofar as we have questioned the integrity of our cherished reality.

As a modernized form of Hell, perhaps harassment has a long future in front of it, of innocent torture, slow assassination, in short the fall, but radical with no way of recovering and which tolerates only salvation.

Now I live in the zone all the time.

He was born on 7 September 1895 in Lorient, France, and died in a hotel room in Nantes on 6 January 1919 from an overdose of opium. Alongside him lay the naked body of another French soldier.

He was known for his indifference and for wearing a monocle.

He was a man with black eyes. I also like black eyes. There are also blue and grey eyes and other sorts, too.

After looking for him in the poems, we look for him in the prose.

I have certainly been astounded by the material contained in this “unpolished” manuscript, as I am sure you will.

This book discusses how systems can acquire meaningful context despite being made of “meaningless” elements.

We know that such a life is not a mirage, because we have memories and experiences of it – even if, inside and outside of ourselves, opposing forces are always pushing it back into oblivion.

She is the night sky arched over the Earth symbolized in the form of a naked woman.

Your face is very different when you don't smile, when you negate sharply and perforate.

That is why I don't believe that the terrorist is a successful rival of the modern artist – by being even more radical than the artist.

In contrast, women have traditionally found intelligence attractive in a partner, this may have been because male intellect and acumen translate into a higher earning potential. But as women have gained more independence both socially and financially, it's arguable that they have grown tired of their partners playing devil's advocate in regards to abortion rights with them over dinner and have started to look for something different instead, a hot dummy.

But we can't let them put the cat back in the bag.

All the past experience is stored by the user in memory.

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You are participating in a ritual that links you to thousands of other citizens. The millions of Seinfeld viewers know what we're talking about. There is value in common and simultaneous knowledge.

I've blocked a door with piles of paper, going out of the house isn't a solution, breathing the air outside isn't a solution either. I've cordoned off the front door with yellow police tape.

Catastrophe is the past coming apart. Anastrophe is the future coming together. Seen from within history, divergence is reaching critical proportions.

Why does the World Trade Center have two towers?

Applying the theory of Universal Darwinism, memplexes exist because memes copy themselves more successfully when they are "teamed up".

Still, what captivates us even more than the inner content of this isolomaniacal writing-act is the inception of a new visual appearance linked with the banned, smuggled, or punishable book.

This Unknowing is, paradoxically, a kind of knowing by not knowing.

What was deleted from one place would always reappear in another.

Is it plausible? Could that actually have happened? I really couldn't tell you one way or another.

Make no mistake about it, these are historical realities. The tabernacle was real. The ark of the covenant was real. The mercy seat was real. The cross was real. The empty tomb was real. And a real woman stooped to look at real angels.

Now all we need to do is connect the dots.

You awake one morning to find your brain has another lobe functioning. Invisible, this auxiliary lobe answers your questions with information beyond the realm of your own memory, suggests plausible courses of action, and asks questions that help bring out relevant facts. You quickly come to rely on the new lobe so much that you stop wondering how it works. You just use it. This is the dream of artificial intelligence.

A man is required with an almost encyclopaedic education, an incredibly flexible mind, insights as sharp as those whom he is trying to synthesise and *mirabile dictu*, a wonderful sense of humour.

But what kind of writing does this machine want? This is where it gets tricky. Epic has a decent description of it right there on their website, and presumably they know what pleases Hollywood, since they only assign stories that get optioned. “As fun as fiction, but full of facts,” it starts.

What is essential here is that the encounter between the two entities creates a new reality, a new becoming. What does it mean for the orchid to become-wasp and the wasp to become-orchid? It means a mutual love for one another.

It is a rupture in business as usual.

There is no mother tongue, only a power takeover by a dominant language.

Nowadays it happens more in one week than what happened during millions of the years back in the past of the earth. These events, all this information and progressive movements - no matter what's considered “good” or “bad” - are getting more and more intensive the longer we look at history.

We need to alter the pace of work to suit our own needs.

Sometimes we can secretly eliminate unnecessary activities, other times we may pull a slow-down.

Psycho-wars between groups of workers and their managers are essential to gradually (or abruptly) changing productivity expectations.

You were an encyclopedia of suicidal fantasies. Every one. I mean, nobody could clear a room like you.

A convenient memory is a gift from God.

Another possible origin is a New York limousine service, the type a person trying to display wealth without really having it would hire. "High class for a low price."

Postcapitalism, if such a nauseating political reality could come into existence, would exist much akin to postmodernism, yearning to be free of its suffix-master, yet perpetually attached via an economic umbilical cord for stability.

What they are doing is risky, but it's not "very stupid."

It is a memory bias whereby a person may falsely recall generating a thought, an idea, a tune, a name, or a joke, not deliberately engaging in plagiarism but rather experiencing a memory as if it were a new inspiration.

It is not even true that I have always described just myself. I have never described myself. I have only betrayed myself.

A guy told me one time, "Don't let yourself get attached to anything you are not willing to walk out on in 30 seconds flat if you feel the heat around the corner."

He's all washed up now. No longer of any use. Neither to us, nor to anyone else.

The motifs being money, cars, hard-bodied blondes, exclusive invitations, pop music, and proper nouns.

An old punk, he smirked at the outrage. "I'm too dangerous for New York City."

The issue wasn't the art itself. In both cases, the galleries had to determine whether they were comfortable promoting the artist behind the work.

Examples of exhibits include a troupe of singing animatronic Chipmunks, a time machine the museum claims is the world's largest automated phenakistoscope, an olfactory clock, a chandelier of singing animatronic nightingales, an Undigestulator (a device that purportedly reconstitutes digested foods), a peanuts enlarger, a syzygistic oracle, the earolin (a 24-inch tall holographic ear that plays the violin), and a machine for capturing the dreams of bumble bees.

Here, there are no longer any forms or developments of forms, nor are there subjects or the formation of subjects. There is no structure, any more than there is genesis.

A woman is called "3 to 5, 7 to 9" because she never missed a wake.

She wore a flower in her hair. I was twenty-two. I found the writing for which I was the ideal reader a few months later, when my roommate lent me a copy of Tom Wolfe's 1973 anthology, "The New Journalism."

All share in the consumption of images of wealth and well being, but for most people the closest they ever come to "the real thing" is Coca-Cola!

Indeed, something must be missing for desire to function as desire, and to desire more. If this lack is replaced by the actual object that is being desired, then the lack is apparently fulfilled. This fulfilment actually forbids the desire to keep desiring. The object of desire, once produced, annihilates the movement of desire.

Additionally, the third century text Acts of Thomas (not to be confused with the Gospel of Thomas) contains an episode in which the risen Jesus appears "in the likeness of" Thomas the Apostle, and is subsequently mistaken for Thomas by a king.

Unfortunately for me, the future held another obsession. Ironically an obsession which would inevitably teach me that attempting to avoid becoming-obsessed was a fruitless feat. Obsessions, addictions, demons et al, they're all waiting for you, the future holds it all.

Maybe you've seen her—a girl-child in a heavily soiled nightdress, creepy-crawling on her belly through a garden of toadstools in the yard beside an old dark house. She is 'The Sixties' – in all its promise and eventual deformity – coming into being, coming up from underneath.

Young described the concept of moral capitalism as an overlapping of two Venn diagrams, one comprising of self and the other of community. Where the circles meet is a position that allows a business to seek profits while also recognizing its duty to employees and society. Because, as the author notes, customers are more willing to shell out the money when they know at least a portion of it serves a benevolent purpose.

The old chestnut goes—hurt people hurt people.

I fake it so real, I am beyond fake – and someday, you will ache like I ache.

The way I look has stood me in good stead—I can clear bars with a look, and people still cross the road in town.

Look at the murderer's head-face, this ugly ripened fruit of hatred.

There's an awful lot of impulsive violent crime in this country. Serotonin deficiency!

Hell begins with space misbehaving.

That's the nature of the thing.

The second problem has to do with the process of generalization at work here.

In the internet there is a fountain of youth into which at first you drunkenly plunge your face, and then in the dawn light you see your reflection, battered by the years.

So, once more, it seems that with terror the enemy is also our own fantasy.

Money comes and goes. That's what we know about money.

People lived, drank beer, had an ice cream, exchanged everyday stupidities or wisdoms, jumped at the coffee shops or restaurants, were exhaling and inhaling breath until step by step they discovered that more and more people become either semi or very sick.

Death (and preparation for it) seems to be the magic key for reaching the spiritual alternative to earthly misery. But how much this alternative is really alternative to the symbiosis with the tools for reaching alienation from everyday life?

Few who have worked in newspaper offices open letters addressed in green ink without trepidation, knowing the contents are likely to be some diatribe in favor of site value rating, or against fluoridation, or perhaps about bimetallism, if people still care about that.

I am obsessed with my research when I'm working on something new, not by nature but serially, book by book and regardless of topic. All good research – whether for science or for a book – is a form of obsession.

Gist-based similarity, the robust encoding of semantic information rather than distinctive encoding is another cause of false recognition. When studying a list of numerous related words, there is a high level of semantic overlap between memory items.

This is beautiful, and I resonate so strongly with how it frames my own experiences and research.

While I'm laying on my bed for five minutes to put my mind to rest, I notice that at my feet, there is a door. It makes perfect sense to me that there is a door, because if I would stand, instead of laying down on my bed, I could open that door and jump into a black void. Therefore, it's no coincidence that there is a door at my feet, even if there never was one in my life before. The culmination of events has led to a door being there. Behind the door there is just another room. At least in this reality. It doesn't matter what that door stands for in this reality though, it matters what it means to me.

When I go through my daily life, I thoroughly enjoy most moments and I probably seem incredibly happy to most. Which I am, most of the time. Nobody knows about the doors though, and where they lead. Nobody knows that I know why they are here and why I am here, where there is a door at my feet and why there is a lady staring at me from outside my window. And as long as I don't tell them I know these things, I am like them. I just like to play, even if I'm not winning and even if it hurts. There does not need to be any perfection in the sense that we perceive it. Something is not perfect because it's only happy, or doesn't decay, something is perfect because it can embody everything. How perfect can something be in your eyes while it's filled with shit? Well, you do it every day, it's called love.

It is not that I am scared for irrational reasons, for I am a rational person—the media I consume tells me the Truth that the source of my anxiety is backed up by Data and Stories and the Truth. If only problem X didn't exist, which is caused by political entity Y, my anxiety would disappear. There's no sunset so lovely it couldn't be yet lovelier, no gentle breeze bringing us sleep that couldn't bring a yet sounder sleep.

It was the best thing that ever happened to me.

It may have been the best thing that ever happened to anybody.

If we may judge by the examples of possible misunderstanding against which he is careful to guard himself, the almost tiresome reminders that all his remarks are “ghostly, not bodily meant,” the standard of intelligence which the author expected from his readers was not a high one.

The work is based on biblical prophecies of the millennium, including St. John’s vision of God seated on a silver and gold throne surrounded by angels, references to Judgment Day, the crowns to be worn by the saved and other events described in Revelation.

One recalls Goethe’s notion that the skull is formed of modified vertebrae – similarly, the bones of the pelvis may constitute the remains of a lost sacral skull.

The resemblance between histologies of lung and kidney has long been noted. Other correspondences of respiratory and urinogenital function come to mind, enshrined both in popular mythology (the supposed equivalence in size of nose and penis) and in psychoanalytic symbolism (the ‘eyes’ are a common code for the testicles).

In his pale, uninteresting face there was a look of suffering that didn’t add any interest, and it was difficult to say just what kind of suffering this look suggested. It seemed to suggest various kinds of hardships, anxieties, and the suffering born of the indifference that comes from having already suffered a lot.

In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine.

I work on remembering my place in the grand scheme of things.

I had the impression that society was forcing its obsessions upon me, and I reproached myself for not putting up stronger resistance, now, while believing myself to be freer,

I lock myself up as much as I please in my own obsessions,
and I'm starting to wonder if this isn't more

A D. D. told me, when a drug dealer starts writing a diary he should quit. I started writing after that. Not every night. Now and then. Fill up one book, throw it out, start another.

Trying to write without any possibility, at some point in the day, of spending a few hours walking in a steady rhythm, is strongly inadvisable—accumulated nervous tension has no way of dissipating—thoughts and images continue to spin painfully in the author's poor head, quickly making him irritable, if not mad.

Do not willingly and deliberately read it, copy it, speak of it, or allow it to be read, copied, or spoken of, by anyone or to anyone.

The sentences, as prescribed by the secret courts of the Vehmic, were generally death for infractions ranging from the serious, such as murder, to that of heresy, witchcraft and rape.

The emblem then represents in symbolic form the second half of 'Eraser' as the punishment for the betrayal by means of death, as the repetition of 'kill me' until the song's close articulates in an increasingly inaudible scream of anguish, even if that fate was initiated by self sentencing.

Yes, I am saying something bizarre, that contrary to everything we have been led to believe, the pre-Columbian Indians were a strangely civilized people and that in fact they knew a form of civilization based exclusively on the principle of cruelty.

As our planet urbanizes more rapidly than ever before, a new and insidious set of boomerang effects are permeating the fabric of cities and urban life. Fuelled by, and perpetuating, the extreme inequalities that have mushroomed as neoliberal globalisation has extended across the world, this new military urbanism is a constellation of ideas, techniques and norms of security and military doctrine.

Intuitive approaches are very individual, and rely on tacit knowledge that is not often easy to share. Bringing others on board to agree on a decision often would rely on the power of persuasion, and sometimes the making links between influencing factors that stakeholders may find tenuous and difficult to accept. Decisions can very easily be seen as subjective or, worse, political in nature.

I won't go so far as to say that I have anything even remotely approaching a philosophy of life, but if I did, it'd be this: we don't know why we're here, and we don't know when it's all going to be suddenly, gut-wrenchingly over, so our best bet - no, our obligation - is to soak up as much of it as we possibly can while the lights are still on. The human experience is a vast and mapless amusement park, and I want to go on all the rides, even the ones I'm pretty sure I won't like.

I trust we're all taking notes. Taking notes, taking care. And we'll see who gets to this material first.

What I wish to know are not only the very mundane habits of thinking, writing, note gathering, etc. but also and above all, the metalogic of one's logic of theorization or more generally the implicit thoughts which go into one's explicit thinking about the world... and ultimately, how all of these things fit together, how much - if at all - and at what level do they influence one another.

I had a doomed feeling about the whole thing.

The executioner later stated that he "greatly feared to be damned for he had burned a holy woman."

In this altered rendition of the otherwise social human condition, I peer at the world through the television, through my computer screen, through TikTok videos, and of course through piles upon piles of books.

Although he enjoyed reading plays, he almost always found them flawed.

Modern science has achieved this abstraction by way of reanimation devices that can keep a body in a state of pure vegetative life.

Maybe it is indeed time to turn to the Old Testament, realize that this scenario was left out of the divine providence on purpose, and interpret our crisis as just one more plague that God sent down on us faithless and useless bunch, since we have not understood to look after the planet she left behind for us.

Doing anything, at this point, would take too long. So instead, events increasingly just happen. They seem ever more out of control, even to a traumatic extent.

He smoked eighty cigarettes daily and drank a lot. He hated having his photograph taken. He never arrived on time for an appointment, always showing up too early or too late. He had terrible posture. He was very interested in the occult. He dressed formally, with a bow tie and homburg hat. Obsessed with horoscopes, he considered making his living as an astrologer. He produced horoscopes for himself, his acquaintances, and even his heteronyms.

That's how we every day serve our technological fetishes – these seductive and despotic automatons which distract us from our real needs and our moral potentials.

You had to come up with ways of breaking into systems on your own. They even argue that although hacking is still fun for the new generation coming up, it's becoming less alluring as the number of new things you can discover on your own diminishes.

Electronic devices are now larger on the inside than than they are on the outside. Digital artifacts do not take up any physical space. This allows one to add more and more information to a hard drive, server or device without it getting heavier. It takes less time to capture a piece of information and store it than it takes to take that piece of information out, whether by printing, exchanging, reviewing, etc.

The “Age of Aquarius” is a Nazi geo-political operations concept equivalent to “Lebensraum”, “Strength Through Joy”, “Volksgeist” and “Arbeit Macht Frei”.

You know, and I know you know. You know I know you know. I know you know I know you know. Sure it hurts.

He adds, “The basis of moral capitalism is that we’re in this together.”

U.S. neo-conservatives, with their commitment to high military spending and the global assertion of national values, tend to be more authoritarian than hard right. By contrast, neo-liberals, opposed to such moral leadership and, more especially, the ensuing demands on the tax payer, belong to a further right but less authoritarian region.

Key here is that most of this activity is happening under the guise of avatars, pseudonyms, and collectively run social media accounts where direct lines between IRL subjects and online personas are rarely clear.

The “niche personal branding” is gamified - push an account to the extreme, see what happens. If the platform shuts you down, start over.

I sit in a neo-roccoco sidechair in the hotel lobby. I become aware of a presence at my side. A tall spare figure with black hair parted down the middle, expensive but slightly worn looking jacket and trousers, paisley foulard, alligator boots, dark glasses with side-baffles, and a slaverling distinctly wolf-like dog with elaborate harness dripping saliva on my Reeboks.

The conclusion, I am afraid, is inescapable. I am a human being utterly devoid of all dignity.

Loving someone always carries that sinister possibility, that the person you adore might use your vulnerabilities against you. Violent and controlling.

I just went there to get a ice-cream cone and some pop, in cans, or we can go over there to get a cigarette.

That said, a drink could calm your nerves and make you more sociable. That can be good for your mental health. The key is dosage□A drink a day for women, and two a day for men, is the limit.

It never occurred to me that any of this was a problem.

When the officer decides to commit suicide, one of his worry is that the blood may stain a calligraphy his a higher-ranking officer once gave him. The painting is supposed to spell Sincerity.

I can be a good person. What a strange thing to happen halfway through your life.

He lived in a Disney dreamland. More American Pie than American Psycho, his so-called manifesto feels written not by a criminal, not by a sociopath, but by a child of Hitler and Coca-Cola who took this country a little too seriously.

They take Viagra because they don't take time for sexual preliminaries. They take cocaine to be continuously alert and reactive. They take Prozac to block out the awareness of the meaninglessness of their working activity and life.

Soon, having kids freely and by chance will seem as strange as catching a ride without a mobile app. Carpooling, cohabitation□we get the utopias we deserve□okay let's move on.

For me, an old way of looking at things isn't necessarily a wrong way of looking at things.

This instability, this absence of solidity, suggests a new reading of the future, in which the progressive incursion of technology offers neither predictable consequences nor even the opportunity to decipher successive, novel events.

He initially considers the transformation to be temporary and slowly ponders the consequences of this metamorphosis.

Searching for Ground Zero of Symbolism.

The task of the second type of destruction is to avoid challenging the first type. The third type of destruction is the one dedicated to destroying the first and second types.

Mild depression is gradual, like rust, it is too much grief at too slight a cause. Major depression is the stuff of breakdowns, not rust, but the startling collapse of the whole system.

He has been gripped by major depression himself, when he was 'asphyxiated', 'split and racked', and 'every second of being alive hurt'.

Ultimately, I decided to not make contact. I'll just to take it on faith that they're in a good place right now.

On the following day, still in bed with a fever, I wrote down my ideas on forty-four pages under the title 'Attempt at a Metalogic'.

The first death is the actual event, situated within history, the second death is the pure form of the event, which never happens.

Nobody has ever defeated the obsession with death through lucidity and knowledge. There is no argument against it. Eternity is on its side, right?

I've still got time. I don't believe I took more than five years off of my life.

So much male jealousy, competition, and bitterness springs from this one funny fact - that they think any kind of love comes for free. That there is ever a time when even sex qua sex don't cost a thing. Money or no money, the rest of us know we have to pay.

Everything about the arrangement of our lives is a distraction from living. Work is drudgery, a necessary evil for everyone who wishes to eat. But our leisure time is neither liberation from labor nor from the society we labor to maintain. We produce and sell commodities at work in order to consume commodities at play, either in the form of physical objects or in the form of experiences.

Warm, the birds stirring and flying. I had a memory of being on an empty street in San Diego near-by the ocean—just that.

I had always been weird and peculiar, often to the extent of distrust and paranoia, as such I had always sought out alternative ways of living, obscure literature, alcohol, nihilism, drugs, fitness, religion, and eventually, magick.

There's not a lot going on, just an unhappy kid trying to ditch school and steal shit to fund his exodus from home.

We need to alter the pace of work to suit our own needs.

Sometimes we can secretly eliminate unnecessary activities—other times we may pull a slow-down. Psycho-wars between groups of workers and their managers are essential to gradually (or abruptly) changing productivity expectations.

I have a horror of all trades and crafts. Bosses and workers, all of them peasants, and common. The hand that holds the pen is as good as the one that holds the plow. What a century for hands! I'll never learn to use my hands. And then, domesticity goes too far. The propriety of beggary shames me. Criminals are as disgusting as men without balls—I'm intact, and I don't care.

Sitting still is difficult for many people, and it always has been for me. I tend to punish myself for wasting any part of a day, and it's rare that I'll allow myself to just be. Even when physically sick, I retreat to the comfort of my to-do list.

Nothing is true, because everything is under production.

Concentrations of “brain sand” increase with age, so the pineal gland becomes increasingly visible on x-rays over time, usually by the third or fourth decade.

Afterwards she told me to sit still for a couple of minutes before I got up. I had lost a lot of blood.

I was convinced for about two weeks that I had been hit by a brick by somebody. I felt blood from being hit. Perhaps a half hour of camera flashes will cure my infection.

Because the future is a fiction it has a more intense reality than either the present or the past.

His reflections are written as diary entries, and if these become modified in real time that is part of the process.

With years passing a great impatience grew in me. It would be a hard work to convert ideas into narration, and that was one of the main reasons I went for such cruel abridgements of the books.

It says in the Kabbalah that if you can't get off the ground, you should stay on the ground.

The horror of these images causes the computer to burn out.

Ours is a generation raised in the '80s and '90s, on a diet of The Simpsons and South Park, for whom postmodern irony and cynicism is a default setting, something ingrained in us. However, despite, or rather because of this, a yearning for meaning - for sincere and constructive progression and expression - has come to shape today's dominant cultural mode.

It isn't my intention to ascribe any sort of authorial / authoritative origin story to this recombinant aesthetic. Popular style emerges from a confluence of tendencies and cultural currents.

What is left is a ghostly relic of meaning, a mute hologram of a subject cut off from its ability to critique and its ability to desire, a subject bound to the mutations of the mass, propelled into the future by a volition other than its own. Liminal zones are by their nature transitional and temporary, which renders them at once creatively powerful and extraordinarily fragile.

In a sense, we witnessed two types of the sublime as defined by Kant, the terrifying and the splendid.

Nothing is true, everything is permitted.

The Bible they translated calls the orgasm 'knowing' while the Stuarts called it 'dying,' the Victorians called it 'spending,' and we call it 'coming,' a hard look at the horizon of our literary culture suggests that it will not be long before we come to a new word for orgasm proper - we shall call it 'being.'

My work is too austere. My life is a brutal anecdote.

A stone, a flower and a worm are more than all human thinking.

Ideas did not give birth and will never give birth, not even to a single atom. Thinking hasn't brought anything new to the world, except it-self, which is yet another world. Ideas ought to have been pregnant, deadly and vibrant, they ought to have given birth, to have menaced and trembled.

The introduction of "summer time" moved the clocks ahead an hour, so that people rose shortly before dawn, worked their customary ten hours in the shops and factories and then still had enough daylight to work in their gardens.

When dusk came they went to bed!

If I squint at this phrase the right way, I can catch a glimpse of a better way that I might relate to death. Maybe the universe is sympathetic after all.

Nothing so resembles cynicism as clairvoyance.

She rubs my come into her eyes on purpose.

By the way, although I'm writing you, I'm not thinking about you. I'm thinking about how much I miss the days when I used to hunt pigeons.

We plunge into the virtual past in order to find our memories there and bring them to the surface of consciousness, as upon the surface of the ocean.

The note reads, 'The grooves in my arm are a private bathroom for the girl who didn't love me.'

But still, can you imagine being so obsessed by an event of your childhood, that you'd built all your life around it?

When, in the dead of night, we go searching on YouTube for the music of ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, we find that we have joined a community of lonely individuals leaving the trace of an intense, ambiguous feeling, born of a reunion with time past that can take place only because these moments have first been utterly lost.

But in our day, the walls between the "real" and the "virtual" have crumbled, the "theatrical" and the "actual" have merged.

The character is at the end of his rope, on the edge. He's not the Hell's Angel type. He's got brains and he's got good sense. But he hasn't got any university degree, and it is this combination that makes him go crazy. He knows that there's no job for him because he is smarter than any guy willing to hire him.'

You're brilliant and you're handsome, but deep down where the icky fish of your mind really swim, you're sick.

Here your proud waves must stop.

“Theft” is a good critical concept that helps to destabilize power structures and explain the production of subjectivity - until, that is, someone steals ideas from someone else.

How many precious breaks at work have I wasted to the same anaesthetised consumption of algorithmically - optimized content?

All memories and thoughts, are as he says, “trodden down under the cloud of forgetting” until “nothing lives in the working mind but a naked intent stretching to God.”

Within this context, ‘always already’ suggests a tense that encompasses the entirety of a work and one’s experience with a work. As a work may be comprised of several components, knowledge and experiences, there is always a presence of the work’s total history already within the work.

Several key themes thread through both, so that the story is transformed into an account of incompetence, professional arrogance and the favourite institutional fallback - failure of communication.

Never admit to wrongdoing, say the party hacks - or if you do, don’t admit the wrongdoing was wrong - and make sure to go on the offensive by attacking your critics as scolds, weaklings, traitors, or some combination thereof, as adamantly and as publicly as possible.

It went on to state that because scientific research is “inherently theory-laden and self-referential”, it “cannot assert a privileged epistemological status with respect to counterhegemonic narratives emanating from dissident or marginalized communities”, and that therefore a “liberatory science” and an “emancipatory mathematics”, spurning “the elite caste canon of ‘high science’”, needed to be established for a “postmodern science [that] provide[s] powerful intellectual support for the progressive political project.”

He told people he was from Iraq, he told people his father was some high priest. But the people who knew him as a child described him as a little off-kilter, a little emotional.

This same article misquoted me in a very embarrassing way, which did not leave me feeling very happy.

I suppose it was the worst book any man has ever written. It was a colossal tome and faulty from start to finish. But it was my first book and I was in love with it.

One often looks back upon their works with quaint embarrassment, I shall do no such thing and waste no time, this text is a juvenile abortion whining for an audience it will never find. I can't attest to my own philosophical merit or my literary skill, and there are no proofs or accreditations I can show you which will vindicate my writing.

However, there's probably nothing that could prevent our brains from coming up with new faces, but still, they're likely to be based on facial features we've already seen. It's one thing to go to hell by way of an accident, by a nonchalant shrug of God, it is another to venture there of one's own accord, but it is something else entirely to return time and time again, to test if the flame still seers as much as before.

You will excuse this hand-written letter. Maybe you will be able to bring a solution to the hopeless situation I find myself in.

Americans suffer from Roman Empire Syndrome—having never really seen the fringes of their intellectual horizons, they assume their every cock-eyed belief is in fact a universal one, and any alternative belief to be ridiculous or non-existent.

I knew that he wasn't interested in bettering himself—he only wanted to have something to hold over you. He was poor, he was passed over, he was overeducated and he never let anyone forget it.

A litany of illness runs right through this book.

Once it gets you to sign the contract, that you will commit to being unhappy so long as you are this way now and not the other way as before, you remain its slave.

Throughout his life, he was “striving to be part of the ten percent of people at Harvard who wear tuxedos to their own little events in their own little buildings and you can see them out on their balconies with their tuxedos and their often very beautiful girls who are also similarly there from the Vanderbilts and the Astors.”

The rivalry was also indeed a poetic one, albeit extremely one-sided.

When the laptop powered on, she saw a line of gibberish across the screen “It was bizarre - he was looking at a bunch of lines, like lines of code. There was no image, no Internet,” she said.

Mammal DNA contains latent fish-code (amongst many other things).

Oh God, I'm either going crazy or I did too many drugs and I had killed so many people in my life.

Those who find change unbearable not only expect it to become uncontainable but work to make it so by fanning the flames of paranoia.

Not long before, he'd caught his girlfriend having sex with some other dude in Pacific Beach, a suburb of San Diego, where they lived, and he physically threw her out of his apartment.

But the only thing that really counts is what you can do in chaos.

Longenbach attributes their bond to a shared “impulse to insult the world” with harsh criticism and similar arrogant attitudes.

The daily self is overcome by the anti then the artistic self is also submerged & the Evil Persona remains supreme.

“That’s what citations are for,” someone will say - “that’s the whole problem with what happened here.”

This is more than a trolly joke. Take Matthew 3:2 “Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is near.” Replace ‘kingdom of heaven’ with ‘Singularity’ and you have the title of one of Transhumanism’s gospels “The Singularity is Near” by Ray Kurzweil.

For every “good” task I completed, I was given a plastic token. The token was inserted into a container, in my case an old parmesan cheese container with a slotted lid.

Intellectual work can only be undertaken on a short-term basis. Only prisoners have time to read, and if you want to engage in a twenty-year-long research project funded by the state, you will have to kill someone.

We currently live in a society of control, in which we police ourselves with never-ending “training” or “education” that really only serves to move the bar ever-farther along.

It is worth mentioning that some hold that even in the course of our world’s history, laws of nature change and evolve.

I have been getting some very threatening phone calls. If anything happens to me, don’t believe it was accidental.

Yet friends offer two observations: Its mention of God was very odd for someone unreligious, and the 19-word note was uncharacteristically succinct.

I pushed the situation out of my mind and went back to my endless arguments with the Insanely Jealous Poet.

Still, when I went to meet him in Norfolk, I was anticipating some physical manifestation of brilliance or obsession. An Einstein or a Kaczynski.

I was kind of hoping that was gonna be it, you know?

This is the dead lemon tree, this is the dead rosebush, this is the dead lawn. The unwelcome wagon is coming to pick me up next week.

You've played yourself. No one cares if you're right and ineffective. That's called being an impotent loser. For all the talk about "bleeding heart liberals" who vote with their tears, they've proven to be staggeringly emotionally incompetent.

Well, I've got news for you. From now on, everytime you say 'welfare queen,' or 'culture of dependency,' we're going to personally drive to your house and hold up a mirror to you and remind you that we, the blue states, make your lives possible with our generosity. Be grateful we don't refuse to pay up because we actually believe in decency.

The term isn't strictly defined, but it's often used to describe works of journalism about imagined futures, pieces where science fiction is entwined with facts and even original reporting to elucidate likely, or at least possible, future realities.

Some might worry about cases of structural unfreedom where P and R each act independently remove W from Q's option set. In such a case, condition (3) will not be met with respect to either P or R, as W would not be available to Q in the absence of P (because R would still prevent it from being an option) and, similarly, would not be available to Q in the absence of R (because P would still prevent it from being an option). To resolve this worry, one might expand this account of freedom restriction by replacing occurrences of "P" within the posited account with either "some set of persons S" or "the members of S," depending on the context.

For your daughter's third birthday at a San Francisco private school, out of respect for the other students' various and overlapping dietary restrictions, you will be bringing cupcakes that would make matzo seem flavorful, and nobody will finish them.

I love God because he knows what's wrong and right. If people start to act like they don't know it's because they aren't completely honest.

What pure memory suggests – what it desires to express – is not a copy of itself in the world, nor a correlative or re-presentation of the present from which it was formed.

You describe someone as an arriviste when you are criticizing them because they are trying very hard to belong to an influential or important social group which you feel they have no right to belong to.

From this standpoint, it follows that even a kiss between two lovers is a form of remote communication—an attempt at engaging the absence of proper intimacy. The sharing of intimacy, in this view, is not about communicating what is essentially one's "own", but about experiencing a common lack of any kind of constitutive property. We share not what we own properly, but what we lack—a common impropriety. We felt it was our responsibility to save the country, but we were worn out by the divisions and the bitterness. The goal was to start over.

He says "she doesn't talk much" but is available to meet interested parties of his choosing in a "more personalized milieu."

You may come this far, but no farther—here your proud waves must stop.

His homepage was headed by deeply symbolic declarations, such as "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God," or the summary of his mission statement, "[...] inspecting the global underbelly—privacy, money laundering, espionage."

Twice he reported being possessed by Hellenic spirits kind enough to teach him koine, or New Testament Greek.

There are many possible ways to proceed, and not enough assessment of what works and what doesn't. It is almost certain to be a very long-term process. Therefore it makes sense to learn as much as possible about how best to go about it. There is a need for experimentation, innovation and evaluation. There is a lot to be done. With participatory approaches, there should be a lot of people to do it.

People generally don't know the amount of pain they can tolerate, so they will hesitate and take, literally, a little slice.

Any concept of change is a concept of time, thus any concept of change must involve past, present, and future. These are reality tunnels - perceptual limitations and conceptual frameworks, shaped by our experiences and prejudices. None of them can be understood as absolute.

The linear model is, in short, a lie. But if you want to make a mark in history, if you want to kill off the big names of the past and be a big name yourself - if, in short, you want to be talked about, then it's a pretty tempting lie to tell.

Then you repeat, as exactly as possible - hesitantly, for it must be done with studied refinement - the gestures that were my gestures. You occupy, successively, all the space I occupied. And there you turn away and silently weep.

You can explain everything away. I explain myself away. But to whom? You know... the question of the other. The other and time. I'm home kind of fucking around. Listening to my own words. Redundancy.

The term scotoma is also used metaphorically in several fields. The common theme of all the figurative senses is of a gap not in visual function but in the mind's perception, cognition, or world view.

The "dweller in the abyss", believed to be the last great obstacle between the adept and enlightenment.

Not only must I summon the courage to be a bad writer - I must dare to be truly unhappy. Desperate. And not save myself, short-circuit the despair.

Nothing is true because everything is under production.

The first question is "What's good in my life?" and the second question is "What needs to be done?" The purpose of the first question is to keep us focused on the positive things in our lives-it provides us with a practical reason for getting out of bed in the morning beyond simply seeking the Truth. The second question provides a reminder that we are responsible for our own happiness and well-being.

Any attempt to say something, anything, even about nothing, and we find ourselves always already immersed in the play of quantum in/determinacy.

About all I can say is goodbye, and for all the rest of you, although you don't forgive me for my transgressions, I forgive yours against me. I am ready to begin my journey and that's all I have to say.

His cards clutched in his hand a pair of black aces and a pair of black eights.

In situations of danger, humans seek increased attachment.

Lord knows you have your reasons for acting like this.

I thought I was making it up, but all the time they were telling me what to write.

We shall rid ourselves of the self-conscious, almost "embarrassed" concept of "psychological operations".

"I tried to write a letter," he told her, fighting back tears. "But I couldn't. I didn't know what to say."

Simply, my collaborators and I managed to define fragility as sensitivity to disorder—the porcelain owl sitting in front of me on the writing desk, as I am writing these lines, wants tranquility. It dislikes shocks, disorder, variations, earthquakes, mishandling by dust-phobic cleaning service operators, travel in a suitcase transiting through Terminal 5 in Heathrow, and shelling by Saudi Arabia-sponsored Islamist militias. Clearly, it has no upside from random events and, more generally, disorder.

Risk refers to situations where all possible actions, their outcomes and probabilities are known. In the absence of this information, that is under uncertainty, heuristics can achieve higher accuracy with lower effort.

When you end up on death row now, two things happen—you get reborn and you turn into DaVinci.

There are different stages of finding oneself.

He created for himself the gods whom he dreaded, whom he sought to propitiate, and whom he nevertheless entrusted with his own protection.

I was trying to get out of there. I knew I was truly in the belly of the beast.

In general nature's own activity, the elasticity of a watch-spring, water, wind, etc. are employed to do things that they would not have done if left to themselves, so that their blind action is made purposive, the opposite of itself—the rational behavior of nature, laws, in its external existence.

New products, new academic disciplines, new books, new technologies, new foods, new living arrangements, new “theories” on life, new postures, the entire modern world is about how do we handle living in an environment that is not at all comparable to the ancestral environment we emerged from.

Nothing happens to nature itself.

My own dream is only to keep the contract I made with God.

This is all psychobabble gobbledygook.

Death always went with the territory. See you in Disneyland.

No logic, no reason, no explanation—just a prolonged nightmare in which fear, loneliness, and the unexplainable walk hand in hand through the shadows. In a moment, we'll start collecting clues as to the whys, the whats, and the wheres.

We all felt that he wasn't targeted as a symbol. What was done was a surgical intervention.

I know the names, but I have no proof.

Anything that he didn't understand or didn't like was immediately put into the psychological category, which meant 'crackpot'.

I felt that he was telling the truth, other than the lying part.

The Man in the Armani Suit stands on the corner of Broadway and Pine with his hand held out, asking for change. He isn't begging, he's asking. Quite polite. Not pushy at all. Well spoken. Patient as a glacier.

I thought this was a very intriguing detail. As the science fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon once said, "Always ask the next question."

Synchronicity is the universe's way of showing you that you're on the right path.

The experience of those days provided me with a huge, panoramic view of my existence that I didn't have before. I have no regrets.

More than once my mind wandered back to an obscure Fritz Leiber story called “Schizo Jimmie.” It’s about a guy named Jimmie who’s sort of like Typhoid Mary. Typhoid Mary was capable of spreading typhoid without exhibiting any symptoms herself. Schizo Jimmie, on the other hand, was capable of spreading schizophrenia without exhibiting any symptoms himself. Was I Schizo Jimmie?

How, then, to explain this phenomenon?

As he spent the day, reading books, newspapers, and whole series of journals, he would scribble down a note when he found something that caught his interest. At the end of the day, he might copy his notes to sort them into a variety of topics and series of chronologies.

It’s a combination of erotic themes, extreme violence, obsession, fetishes and general immorality, with a healthy dose of complete absurdity and psychedelic madness thrown in the mix.

The modern association of these words with intellectual capacity is not in the original context.

Fraud certainly figures in some cases.

It “manifested itself in various ways” – for instance, in the belief that the government used the control of language and grammar to brainwash people.

By reframing conspiracies as adversarial narratives, we can understand each one as a collection of connected events whose stories are distributed across several platforms in bits and pieces as a means of enraging and dividing internet users.

She’s an inveterate thief, but now she’s trapped, flanked by the guy in the hat and another loss-prevention associate in jeans and a striped polo shirt. Her boyfriend turns at the door so that his back is to the parking lot. She calls his name. He doesn’t answer. He doesn’t appear to know what’s going on.

When this happens at a young age, it can distort a person's reaction to such situations for life.

And when an unacceptable, transgressive thought invades the holy sanctity of your mind's eye, the devils will know.

I found it difficult to concentrate on the pursuit - at which I was normally so capable - of fundamentals.

In his Messianic origin story, he said that he died for half an hour at the age of 25 when an inept surgeon removed both his kidneys and adrenal glands. His heart restarted spontaneously while outside his body during autopsy. Following this, he said his IQ became 200, his endorphin levels were six times normal, and he stopped aging.

He also believed people in the government were trying to shut him up. When he died by suicide, his supporters called foul play.

Listen to everyone. Read everything, believe nothing.

God has given you one face, and you make yourself a vector.

I feel like all the work is collaborative work, it's just that it comes out under an individual name so the other people you're in collaboration with are subordinated in a certain kind of way to one's own name, even though all of those voices are constantly with you and in your head.

This is, of course, a vast oversimplification too but it is a better one than "gotta go fast."

The good will is unique in that it is always good and maintains its moral value even when it fails to achieve its moral intentions.

We've considered every possibility. But each possibility has a contradiction. Is it plausible that someone is walking down the street and then suddenly they've vanished? All clues are consistent with that, but that's not possible.

But media outlets are ruthlessly selective, and they tend to prefer women who are white, pretty, and, above all, innocent.

This is all well and good, and it's lovely that so many people are paying attention to this.

Apparently the pictures were copied from a USB stick and pasted in a folder on his desktop. I couldn't find anything about the whereabouts of the memory stick.

"The money came to me under very mysterious circumstances," he said. "I'm mystified by the whole thing."

He confided that he could only shake his head and shrug when he saw that the gigantic great american pyramid had been built on the Memphis riverfront. King Tut of ancient Egypt would have loved it.

"Everything is meaningless," says the Teacher, "completely meaningless."

When I think of those idiots who hold hands around the flag pole every morning at public schools here in Texas, I get an itchy sensation in my fingers that I can't cure without picking up a gun.

High-definition television is another example of the same syndrome—we see the same old things, but brighter and glossier.

It was hard to follow. It didn't seem very plausible. My immediate reaction was that there was not much we could do for him.

The biggest mistake, in my opinion, that a potential book author can make is to approach his or her project in an overly subjective manner.

At all events, what happened in the desert might be said to have destroyed the lives of two men.

I've tried my best to give you a good life.

The cryptographers reported that it would be impossible to provide “a satisfactory answer” if the text were an encrypted message, its brevity meant that it had “insufficient symbols” from which a clear meaning could be extracted, and the text could be the “meaningless” product of a “disturbed mind”.

I have received evidence that I don't have permission to share, which has convinced me that there was a deadly international conspiracy involved.

Some label him a Psy-Op, a DID MK-ULTRA plant, a patsy, a LARP, a fake, a bad actor, a user, a drugged hippie. Others hail him as a hero.

In spite of all that I've tried, a handful of our people, with their lies, have made our life impossible. There's no way to detach ourself from what's happened today.

The general consensus seems to be that the term comes from the fact that many of the nuttier letters that journalists receive are written in bright colors, or with words underlined heavily with bright inks.

We did not originally intend these things, but the things themselves seem to call for them, creating a complex web beyond our control that scurries to fill these niches.

In a recent published exchange between William Gass and John Gardner, Gardner declares that he wants everybody to love his books, Gass replies that he would no more want his books to be loved by everybody than he'd want his daughter to be loved by everybody, and suggests that Gardner is confusing love with promiscuity.

Smile in the face of hardship, young man - for you are heading toward eternal paradise.

These two clowns are up to something. They've been taking videos and pictures down at the main checkpoint.

But the most baffling evidence, by far, was a map with directions on how to get to the murder site, which was pinned to Morgan's underwear along with a \$2 bill. The words "Ecclesiastes 12" were written on the bill, along with arrows pointing to the numbers 1 and 8 on the serial number.

For example, 'Jesus' refers Catalina as "my cucarachita," which means "my little cockroach." Jesus uses worldly expressions, such as "Do not cry over spilt milk."

I'm personally not sure what to make of all this.

People nonetheless have very particular opinions on what the world can or should look like after this point, but then arguments are largely speculative, precisely because we must first recognise the extent to which our visions of the future are informed by the system we are encased with.

This is simply one of the hard facts of life you have to face.

First it was hallucinations and fugue states. Next came the bizarre dystopian dreams, both waking and otherwise invading our sleep. Now we've moved on to paralysis, convulsions, catastrophic organ damage and suddenly a brand new "syndrome"—Sudden Adult Death.

He looks afraid, keeps sighing (hyperventilating even), and appears tearful.

Throw in his other areas of interest vis-à-vis what's gone on in the world since, and I'm considering this a near lock in the problem-reaction-solution sweepstakes.

Therefore, I am often in the business of making lemonade out of lemons.

Excessive efforts to control or exploit agents of influence can also have negative consequences.

The line between dystopia and utopia is a thin one.

During the coronavirus pandemic, as in the scenario, the Antichrist resorts to epidemics at the third, final stage of establishing control over humans. Conspiracy theorists believe that this process has already begun.

By this I mean we're required to not only believe this, but we're also expected to believe that the people who want us to believe these things actually believe them themselves.

As I sat there wondering what was going to happen next a wide variety of psyops stuff blared through the speaker mounted high in one corner of the small cell. A mind-numbing cacophony of an out-of-control saxophone was followed by Rudyard Kipling reciting his poem "Boots" over and over in a very haunting voice.

There's an obvious equilibrium to this problem where you engage in all positive acausal trades and ignore all attempts at acausal blackmail.

It is bad, and we are against it.

If you go looking for satan, he slips through your fingers.

I believe nothing of my own that I have ever written.

Twenty five years after the publication of this little book, it is devastating to look at its contents in light of what has happened in the intervening period.

The line between dystopia and utopia is a thin one.

That doesn't, however, make me a pessimist. I'm not quite blithe enough to repeat Mao's "The situation is excellent," but all that potential free time is looking more and more appetizing by the day, especially as people are ground down to produce it.

The United Nations plans to use Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" as the anthem for the introduction of the new age one world religion.

It's all the same, only the names have changed.

What defines scale in the void? What is the metric of emptiness? What is the measure of nothingness? How can we approach it?

I'm trying to say "Dangerous bends ahead. Slow down." But of course, there's a small part of me which has always said "Dangerous bends ahead. Speed up," because I'm curious to know.

Are you ready? Okay. Let's roll.

The fact that we're still wondering if it's okay to do so makes me consider that we certainly don't know our own history. These are old, tired, and well-resolved issues.

Proposition two: no one wants to suffer. Suffer physically, that is. Moral suffering has its charms, it can even generate aesthetic material (as I have discovered for myself).

The only manuscript of his book, with accompanying notes, was missing.

No, you're not really touching someone, but when you call someone, you're not really hearing them, either. When you FaceTime them, you're not really seeing them, you're looking at a picture of them on a screen. But a phone call feels like you're talking to someone. A FaceTime call feels like you're looking at someone.

Some examples include two fathers contemplating the rocks in a "dry landscape" garden, and a mirror reflecting the absence of the daughter who has just left home after getting married.

God is nowhere as I drive the Prius.

His later novels are "literally crammed with literary and artistic anecdotes" and "nonlinear, discontinuous, collage-like, an assemblage."

We 'hurl defiance to the stars', but in their silence - when we see them at all - the stars return only crushing contempt.

They don't offer progress, but they do exhibit changes over the course of the work in the ways they claim authority, taunt the audience, and offer critique from the margin, their words working alternately as alarms and manifestos.

Within the the liminal zone of poetry, here far from the spatially-distant rhythmic mass of the track, the dream can reach a tenuous reality in its status as art. Not merely a catalog of futuristic curiosities, these abortive but predictive snatches of poetry each create, in their brief passage across the cerebrum, a bubble-universe of futural possibility.

It seems like someone who hasn't read anything makes a comment and then that comment is parroted by other people who haven't read anything either. It feels like a bizarre psyop implemented by people who just don't know any better. The blind leading the blind. It's boring. It'd be great to have a better class of opponent.

At the heart of this definition lies the insistent, obsessional humanist question, 'What is to be done?', the fundamental question of praxis. The answer is rendered: 'We must make things worse, so that they get better.'

To the question 'What is to be done?', then, she can legitimately answer only, 'Do what thou wilt' - and 'Let go.'

Just let go, "responsibility" is just another pathology.

After fearing for his life, he was found clad in a bulletproof vest with a bullet wound to the back of his head.

The apocalypse failed to happen on September 15, 2015.

Nevertheless, his death was ruled a suicide.

In the coming days you will experience discomfort. Fear.

But this is good. This is the inner barrier you have to break through.

The best option for many Americans will be to have a safe place in a remote area where you can hide.

“Put to death” the deeds of the flesh.

Without limit, infinite.

They knew about secrecy. They sent money wrapped in aluminum foil and used private mail carriers, believing the government would have more trouble tracking it.

We have been told that the Kingdom of Heaven is a fantasy of the future, in the “sweet by and by.”

We insist, then, that there is no promised land.

So, the ghosts have clearly been in the machine for awhile now. But this time, it's different. Seriously.

There can be no twisted thought without a twisted molecule.

People were saying, ‘If someone doesn't hit her, he is an infidel.’ That was when I got emotional and hit her twice.

Tomorrow, if I am like the Lord God, I shall wake and look upon my work and pronounce it good. Tonight I am in grave doubt, in extreme torment.

It is difficult today to leave Babylon and keep the name you were given at birth. The world claims your name as one of their own. Receiving a new name makes it much easier to start a new life in the Kingdom of Heaven.

I shall burn all my identification, money, and papers - then I will commence my walk eastward, into the rising sun.

The supposed continent is even emphasised and labelled in the map as “Paradise.”

It's all pretty much fantasy to start with, but it's a fun exercise to think about what might happen.

If I consider my life honestly, I see that it is governed by a certain small number of patterns of events which I take part in over and over again. Being in bed, having a shower, sitting at my desk working my job, walking in the neighborhood, cooking and eating lunch at my kitchen table, with my spouse, exercising, taking my family to eat at a restaurant, reading before bed, writing weekly newsletters, going to bed again.

Think of internet porn, delicious food, soft drugs, features like the infinite scroll or the like button.

During an interview at an FBI office on May 16, 2007, investigators' questions touched on a variety of topics, such as flyers promoting his book and upcoming film, theft of tires and rims from a vehicle prior to his Navy service, a diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia, and, a few less significant topics.

The word nemesis originally meant the distributor of fortune, neither good nor bad, simply in due proportion to each according to what was deserved. Later, Nemesis came to suggest the resentment caused by any disturbance of this right proportion, the sense of justice that could not allow it to pass unpunished.

He had been trying to make thorium in a form he could use to produce energy and that he hoped "his successes would help him earn his Eagle Scout status."

The common unifying factor of these pieces of literature is some degree of the surreal, the not-entirely-real, or the markedly anti-real.

The present is a symptom of the twin birth of immediacy and obsolescence. Today, we are nostalgists as much as we are futurists. The new technology enables the simultaneous experience and enactment of events from a multiplicity of positions.

In my own way I witnessed it in more of a spectatorial than a “this terrible thing is happening to me” kind of way.

There are simple sensations and compound sensations, and that's why only objects seen or heard are beautiful. Take all accessory ideas and ethical associations away from a sound, and you'll remove its beauty.

Wanting intimacy with one's perpetrator is no sickness. Wanting to create a cocoon of normalcy when one is subjected to a crime is no syndrome.

I really enjoyed some communities and tried it, and the next day when I'd be going out you know, um I took control like uh, I put, um, bleach on my hair in, in California. My roommate was from Chicago and she was going to the junior college. And we lived in the YMCA so she wanted to put it, um, peroxide on my hair.

We've got farther to go, we agree. We must annihilate all hope. We must expect nothing - nothing.

The writing of poetry (uta or 'song'), he suggested, was an act that turned sighing into singing.

Catastrophe is the past coming apart. Anastrophe is the future coming together.

Anxieties about the disappearance of the book, as well as the novel, have been common throughout the 20th century.

I'm sitting here at my computer wondering what website to go to.

Trying to write without any possibility, at some point in the day, of spending a few hours walking in a steady rhythm, is strongly inadvisable; accumulated nervous tension has no way of dissipating; thoughts and images continue to spin painfully in the author's poor head, quickly making him irritable, if not mad.

In grotesque bodies and grotesque languages, I find a state of “becoming,” an unfinished state of flux.

“AShR AHIH□GBRIAL□MIKAL□HANIAL” and in upper arc read left to right with letters reversed□“ARARIThA□ChShMLIM□AL□TzDQIAL” The editor adds□“or in some Codices□ARARIThA□RFAL□KMAL□TzDQIAL□and TzFQIAL.”

I destroy the drawers of the brain, and those of social organisation□to sow demoralisation everywhere, and throw heaven’s hand into hell, hell’s eyes into heaven, to reinstate the fertile wheel of a universal circus in the powers of reality, and the fantasy of every individual.

Halfway down the path we are always greeted by a horse, so we give him a pat and a few handfuls of grass. He is very friendly. We don’t know his name as yet. But, if I had to go through the desert on a horse with no name, I would definitely choose this delightful fellow.

As a writer, I need to understand how fiction is made, so I can steal from it.

Through misinterpretations, imaginary convergences, forced coupings and other shady manoeuvres lacking in the principled behaviour expected of a scholar, they claimed to have invented a new discipline referred to by various names at various times□but no-one clearly understood what the goals, methods or principles of this new discipline were.

A proponent of the “consciousness causes collapse” interpretation would argue that the wave function only collapses when a conscious observer actually looks at the measurement results.

However, unlike with earlier more nihilistic movements, there is no triumph of transgression here, no pleasure or jouissance, because the world it describes would obliterate anything capable of experiencing such things as we know them.

It's a crime because those involved didn't consent. They didn't come to the 'concert.'

We punctuate our downtime by checking our phones for emails and texts, and as we so often joke, we never log-off.

Almost all of what our society calls work should be abolished as soon as possible, since it benefits no one (e.g. banking, real estate speculation, insurance, and advertising) and usually is no more than glorified busywork.

The same applies to buying, which is even more glorified, just as "busy," and most often a cheap substitute for what we really want.

The fact is that we are much more successful in foreign countries and in our homeland it's always the same stuff where you're never a prophet.

All my calvaries were rosy crucifixions, pseudo-tragedies to keep the fires of hell burning brightly for the real sinners who are in danger of being forgotten.

Post-human pulse rates and homing devices are remixed for accelerating targets, with rhythms speeding up to intercept incoming drugs—virtual addictions for addicts strobed by redesign.

Humans are incapable of living while staring into the abyss of total materialist nihilism, not to mention their own looming mortality, for very long. Those who truly internalize that view are likely in a dark pit of drugs, clinical depression, or both, and the goal of treatment is restoring the basic animating delusions - friends, family, a sense of purpose and overarching narrative - necessary for human life.

The goal of forgers is to create confusion in the marketplace and where confusion already exists, exploit it.

We live in nothing too new, nothing too near a revelation.

He distinguishes between the “remarkable differences” of the Beautiful and the Sublime, noting that beauty “is connected with the form of the object”, having “boundaries”, while the sublime “is to be found in a formless object”, represented by a “boundlessness.”

Anything anybody believes beyond the purely empirical is so much sweet metaphysical frosting on a pretty bitter nihilist cake. The adherents of Sunni Islam or ‘effective altruism’ are engaged in a debate among flavors of frosting, chocolate or vanilla?

When the wave pattern of a consciousness drops below an oscillation frequency of 10 to the power of -33 centimeters per second, for a brief instant it “clicks out” of space-time and joins infinity.

Like Moses, she can see all the delights of the Promised Land, but she can never set foot in it.

In court it was discovered that his body bore the five wounds, but the record includes no suggestion that these were spontaneously generated, and it seems he may actually have allowed himself to be crucified, either because he genuinely believed he was Christ, or because he wanted others to believe he was.

Cruelty means eradicating by means of blood and until blood flows, god, the bestial accident of unconscious human animality, wherever one can find it.

The interpretation is objective and realistic, and at the same time as simple as possible. We like clarity and prefer to remove all mysticism.

Let us all swear an oath, and all bind ourselves by mutual imprecations not to abandon this plan but to do this thing.

A novel with no intimation of story whatsoever, Writer would like to conceive.

Five or six days after the beginning of the quarantine, the process of purifying the houses one by one is begun.

As vague and all-encompassing ideas about 'security' creep in to infect virtually all aspects of public policy and social life, so these emerging industrial-security complexes work together on the highly lucrative challenges of perpetually targeting everyday activities, spaces and behaviours in cities and the circulations which link them together.

Go ahead Warden, murder me. Jesus, take me home.

Make a point of remembering to write as much as I am able to.
As much as I remember. In order for me to remember.

In these cases, jouissance can have a destructive effect on the body and can affect, among others organs, the brain - a process the author has previously described heuristically as the "psychosomatic diseases of the brain."

I have no painkiller.

Just plain old American noir.

If a present had to await the arrival of a new present in order to be constituted as past, then it would continue to wait, and us with it in a perpetual and frozen presence.

I always thought death would come on the freeway in a few horrifying moments, so you'd have no time to sort it out. Having months and months to look at it and think about it and talk to people and hear what they have to say, it's a kind of blessing. It's certainly an opportunity to grow up and get a grip and sort it all out. Just being told by an unsmiling guy in a white coat that you're going to be dead in four months definitely turns on the lights.

Christ is our mercy seat. There, in and through Christ, God meets us. The dots are connected.

The True Will is essentially one's "calling" or "purpose" in life.

Some later magicians have taken this to include the goal of attaining self-realization by one's own efforts, without the aid of God or other divine authority.

The aim of the drive is not satisfaction but, to the contrary, the failure of satisfaction, which restarts its circuit.

He who does not have the demonic seed within himself will never give birth to a magical world.

Cite too much, and your work is derivative; cite too little, and you get accused of not knowing the literature, sloppiness, or in some cases, plagiarism.

But I also know that my relative disregard, though rationally based, is civically reprehensible; were I a good citizen I should behave as if I were panic-stricken.

They declared their own war against society, tradition, and even reason. They created "poetry" consisting of reading stock market quotations while bells were clanging and chanters shouting each other down.

Originally, prophecy meant just "speaking while being delighted with god."

On the wall above the copy machine was an antiquated Marine Corps poster depicting a grizzled Marine drill instructor nose-to-nose with a young recruit at boot camp.

The caption read, "We don't promise you a rose garden."

What an artist talks about is never the main point.

Nothing at all, then, I suppose; but nothingness is necessary and inextricably the background against which being, et cetera.

As a boy experimenting with sin, I once hollowed out a book - it was called 365 Bedtime Stories - to hide a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes in, the way Renaissance princes sometimes packed pistols in eviscerated prayer books.

However, the linearity of the codex has not been abandoned, and has been only marginally enriched by hypertextuality.

In that time and place, experimental was not yet an adjective of dismissal.

Fantasies that are concerned with far-fetched ideas are usually dropped by the fantasizer.

This transition zone is a region of bounded instability that engenders a constant dynamic interplay between order and disorder.

Happy families are all alike□every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

I must say that all this sounds persuasive to me - until I examine more closely what i'm so inclined to nod my head yes to.

He repeatedly told me he had what he called a stupid face. It was weird. I asked him what he meant and he said he had the kind of face that was instantly forgettable. He could vanish into crowds. He said he was invisible because his face was so average - so stupid.

It seemed to be a folie à trois, à quatre, à plusieurs - the madness of three, four, many.

She was the straight-A student. She was stable. I was the fuckup. I was the bad boy. I took drugs and fooled around and didn't take anything seriously.

Apropos of logic, I consider myself very likeable.

He said that if there turned out to be an afterlife, he would “improvise, adapt and overcome”, noting “If there is a Hell, then I’ll be in good company with a lot of fighter pilots who also had to bomb innocents to win the war.”

He had run out of ideas “in a conventional sense” and was “about ready to die”.

The genuine writer has nothing to say. He only has a way of speaking.

All data is a snapshot in time and must be treated as such.

Chief, consider this my resignation, effective immediately. As you always said, you can’t ask others to make a sacrifice if you are not ready to do the same. Life is duty. God bless America.

I never forgot the gruesome footage of the test mice shuddering, convulsing, and dying, all in twenty seconds or less.

Television networks did not “want to see the end of the world, particularly in prime time.”

We’re not very nice, so we’re hated. Why be nice? It’s a cruel world.

In a very real sense, everything he created was an act of sorcery.

The moment he got his hands on that maddening memo, with its maze of illusion and reality, was the moment his life changed and he began his descent into the obsession that would lead to his death.

Hence the term “Werther effect”, used in the technical literature to designate copycat suicides.

Without saying a word, he got the final word.

Simply to covet a prolonged life span for ourselves is both a sign and a cause of our failure to open ourselves to procreation and to any higher purpose. The desire to prolong youthfulness is not only a childish desire to eat one's life and keep it, it is also an expression of a childish and narcissistic wish incompatible with devotion to posterity.

Jumping to your death was the time-honored fate for a failed financier. "Body rain" was the term on Wall Street.

There's some great information here. You did a very good investigative job, I have to commend you on that. I realize it's only a fraction of everything you have. What you have done, you have put the pieces of the whole thing together.

It was his way to be liked, to be funny, to get attention, to make himself feel good.

The reported reply was, "We understand."

We speak about art insofar as specific actions, things in a tradition, are placed in an archive, and one lays claim to the archive to prove one's existence within it. This claim is not situated there, therefore I would not say that bin Laden - or the attackers of September 11 - are artists in the sense of the Western concept of art. Rather, they were people who operated not in the archive but in the factual functioning media world as a field of the spectacular.

What happened on the road to Damascus?

He had faked his own suicide to avoid jail time, leaving the simple note SUICIDE IS PAINLESS in dust on his GMC Envoy on Bear Mountain Bridge in upstate New York.

Although we were acquainted, we certainly didn't share experiences.

The worst thing that can be said of an artist continues to be that his or her art is "harmless".

Some pleasures lead to greater pain, like imbibing copious amounts of alcohol, and so the wise person will shun them. On the other hand, certain pains, like sadness, can lead to an appreciation for life or compassion, which are highly pleasurable states.

There is, according to legend, a sucker born every day.

We are told that Bertolt Brecht, out of socialist conviction, kept on his writing desk a toy donkey bearing the sign 'Even I must understand it' - the high modernists might aptly have put on their desks a professor-of-literature doll bearing, unless its specialty happened to be the literature of high modernism, the sign 'Not even I can understand it.'

This resulted in the book being banned in several places.

We hope readers accept the argument in the spirit in which we are offering it.

Images include camouflaged moths, inflatable tanks, women in burqas, and complex diagrams plastered with jargon, buzzwords and slogans—"Disruption Operational Playbook", "Swap the real for the false and vice versa", "People make decisions as part of groups" and, beneath a shot of hands shuffling a deck of cards, "We want to build Cyber Magicians".

It therefore remains for us to see how, effectively, simultaneously, these various tasks of schizoanalysis proceed.

You know, on paper, you're a writer with a cult following. You're a writer who's interested in and has written about violence. You live proudly off the grid. You have a certain distaste of government. I guess some might say the FBI might have had a reason to keep checking you out. Who knows? Maybe they're right. I mean, who needs all this goddamn intense sincerity all the time?

An ongoing middle, the way life is really lived, or at least how we imagine it.

The buzz phrase for this convergence is “push media.” Content is pushed to you, in contrast to the invitational pull you make when you click on the Web. The push can be gentle, in-your-face, intermittent, in the background, or always on.

If I finish the book, I am the killer.

Now it is done. Now the story ends. And there is no way to tell it. The art of fiction is dead. Reality has strangled invention. Only the utterly impossible, the inexpressibly fantastic, can ever be plausible again.

Double Lotus Position (With Adequate Hydration)

I am psychologically unwell. I have some sort of problem.

A child who learns to detach themselves as a form of protection is likely to continue to use this coping mechanism as an adult.

Why clutter your brain with things you can do nothing about?
How can it be irresponsible or unsafe to ignore it, if it's of no use to you?

Developmental status concerns the 'stage' you were at in life, which explains your development. E.g. 'I was just a child so I did not know what I was doing.'

What is your motivation for working with the Australian Antarctic Program? If you're looking to escape a difficult relationship or situation, Antarctica is not the answer.

However, none of the three pyramids of Giza contain any mummies. This has led many researchers to propose theories suggesting that the Pyramids were not tombs but rather giant energy machines.

Not until 23 years later, as he lay on his death bed, did the emperor at last consent to talk about his experience. Hauling himself painfully upright, he began to speak - only to halt almost immediately.

"Oh, what's the use," he murmured, sinking back. "You'd never believe me."

In men various studies have found visual cues influence economic decisions, riskiness and cravings; when they're primed to think about sex, they'll crave other kinds of rewards - money, chocolate, wine, and so on [...] Indeed, we found that men's willingness to pay for a variety of products was significantly higher after any kind of exposure to a sexual cue.

This last prototypical argument is similar to the previous one.

Avoidant personality disorder.

However, drawing parallels means highlighting similarities between specific episodes. These episodes may be quite different yet have a common theme.

Evolutionary psychologists would argue that men, who have an unlimited ability to reproduce, are trained to pick their partners based on visual information – such as health, youth, and beauty – and to link their ability to attract those partners to their wealth, since that's how women, with their limited ability to reproduce and higher parental investment, identify the best providers.

Once, during a concert in Montreal, the Chicago Bulls were in game three of the playoffs and he was watching the game from a TV at the side of the stage while he played guitar solos. He had his wardrobe girl draw up big cards and flash the score at him.

A photographer is like a cod, which produces a million eggs in order that one may reach maturity.

There is one other piece of evidence of the events leading to the collapse of the towers that few outside the (forensics) unit know of. Unit members found a disposable camera in the pocket of a man who jumped from one of the towers. When they developed the film months later, investigators found a chilling chronology of the man's experience that morning.

Most people probably feel Oprahfied to some extent – ie pressured to have opinions on everything the media defines as important.

What was I thinking... what was I thinking... it was crucial somehow, but what was it about.

It was anecdotal, I think.

Life in industrialized countries is increasingly lived under constant video surveillance from cameras in buses and shopping malls, on highways and bridges, and next to ATM cash machines. More and more people look back, using devices ranging from traditional cameras to camcorders and webcams.

Atta's luggage was later discovered at Boston's Logan International Airport. Luggage goes missing all the time - you know these airlines, they can never get it right. Lucky for us, he had left an attendance sheet of all 19 hijackers, their motives, backgrounds, and various other terrorist to-do lists. He also had a videocassette for a Boeing 757 flight simulator. Even luckier is that four of the hijackers passports were found in the absolute mess that was southwest Manhattan. It's a blessing to find these small pieces of paper when the black boxes that record flight data and cockpit conversations were destroyed.

The value of the image goes beyond its accuracy, it conveys something else about time and place that is not easily traded in for a 'better' version.

Herein lies a problem. We have no information that this was ever successful.

During the period I have alluded to there was a comfortable, good-humoured feeling abroad that a novel is a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and that this was the end of it.

I'm always interested in narrative. I'm not necessarily interested in all things being apparent. I want there to be things to be uncovered.

There is a point in all work where the academic explanation of why it's smart sounds more like a qualified excuse.

I will take care of the quantity. You take care of the quality.

We have a limited amount of meaning in our souls, one must be sure we vitalize and symbolize the right things!

It is easier to understand if the gun is a revolver and you're playing Russian Roulette. In one universe, after pulling the trigger, you die. In another universe, you survive. So you do it again. In two universes, you've died. In one, you survived twice. Do it a million times, and in one universe, you are essentially "immortal", having survived Russian Roulette a million times. But you are also dead in 999,999 other universes.

The suicide belt is next-door neighbors with the Bible Belt. After a suicide attempt, he was placed under observation at a hospital and told that "people who commit suicide go straight to hell," he remembers.

Causality (also called causation, or cause and effect) is an influence by which one event, process, state, or object (a cause) contributes to the production of another event, process, state, or object (an effect) where the cause is partly responsible for the effect, and the effect is partly dependent on the cause. In general, a process has many causes,[1] which are also said to be causal factors for it, and all lie in its past. An effect can in turn be a cause of, or causal factor for, many other effects, which all lie in its future.

With luck you might find it helpful, maybe in that "but for the grace of God go I" sort of way.

I think you have to follow the basic karmic rule, that any action taken in anxiety creates more anxiety. Any action taken in anger spreads anger. Any action taken in violence spreads violence. Any action taken in calm spreads calm. Any action taken in equanimity spreads equanimity. Any action taken gently spreads gentility...

But sometimes, I do wonder why I can't accept the randomness of life, why am I, and seemingly so many other people, dissatisfied with the notion that things just happen?

A birthday does that. A supermarket. A handgun. A phone book. A driver's permit.

To focus on reality or be concerned with memory, choices that, at first glance, seem opposite are, in fact, identical twins for me.

Tower of Ivory. House of Gold. By thinking of things you could understand them.

You have nothing to worry about. You are writing to God.

Now, things are exciting and interesting. But there's no standards, no compliance department.

It can't be that simple. There is a general dissatisfaction nearly everywhere, it seems, and there is also the simple and sometimes brutal force of nature.

Send out all your dogs and one might return with prey.

"The face is what prohibits us from killing." Elsewhere "The human face is the conduit for the word of God."

In my younger and more vulnerable years, I used to have a very bad habit that routinely got me into trouble.

The computation creates an algorithmic image, an algorithm not just confined to the digital rendering of a particular scene, but created through the decision-making processes of the camera programme which selects aperture, shutter speed, white balance, and the like.

The camera is an integral part of the photographic process, and as such, it is a tool which can be manipulated in order to perform outside of its programmed parameters by a knowing collaborator. Deliberate errors can be 'conjured' through a variety of means such as moving the camera during exposure, leaving the shutter open, or playing with the focus controls.

One hundred seventy-three of the 279 photos in the archive were taken with Graner's Sony FD Mavica camera.

Be operational (that is, commensurable) or disappear.

You'd get the message because your soul is clear and you understand.

No longer amused, she asked him "what was the point of that?"

You can start right now tidying up your flat, moving furniture or books, washing dishes, making tea, sorting paper.

A bundle of ashes and bones were discovered in a Paris pharmacy in 1867 with a label that read "Remains found under the stake of Joan of Arc, virgin of Orleans."

After a battery of tests, the French forensic team found the remains believed to belong to Joan of Arc consisted of a human rib and a cat femur that had been mummified. The dark coating on the rib, cat bone, and cloth contained a mix of bitumen, resins, gypsum and other chemicals commonly used by Egyptians to embalm corpses. Carbon dating revealed that the human rib, cat bone, wood, and scrap of cloth dated to between the 6th-3rd centuries B.C, predating Joan of Arc by centuries. The researchers believe that the Paris pharmacy, where the remains were first found, stored the remains as Mummia. Mummy. was a powder made from ground mummies. It was medicine.

In a number of ways, our constant desire for more freedom ironically limits us. Similarly, we can only truly exercise our freedom by limiting ourselves - by choosing and committing to certain things in life

We will become more self-obsessed and shallow as we seek a deeper meaning or purpose for our lives. The more we try to make a difference in other people's lives, the more profound our impact will be.

Accepting flaws makes you feel perfect. Accept loneliness and you will be content with your solitude. If you try to be perfect, you will be flawed. You're miserable by yourself if you try not to be lonely. It is a positive experience to accept a negative experience. Fighting a negative experience, on the other hand, means suffering twice.

In Eisenbud's own words, "Unfortunately, I couldn't get an astronomer or optical scientist to agree."

Sexual sublimation was according to Freud a deflection of sexual instincts into non-sexual activity, based upon a principle akin to the conservation of energy in physics. There is a finite amount of activity, and it is converted, in a mechanistic fashion like a mechanical engine, from sexual activity to non-sexual. False memory creation was examined in people who reported having recovered memories of traumatic events that are unlikely to have occurred: abduction by space aliens. 3 groups: people reporting recovered memories of alien abduction, people who believe they were abducted by aliens but have no memories, and people who deny having been abducted by aliens. Those reporting recovered and repressed memories of alien abduction were more prone than control participants to exhibit false recall and recognition. The groups did not differ in correct recall or recognition. Hypnotic suggestibility, depressive symptoms, and schizotypic features were significant predictors of false recall and false recognition.

The Deese–Roediger–McDermott (DRM) paradigm is a procedure in cognitive psychology used to study false memory in humans. The procedure was pioneered by James Deese in 1959, but it was not until Henry L. Roediger III and Kathleen McDermott extended the line of research in 1995 that the paradigm became popular. The procedure typically involves the oral presentation of a list of related words (e.g., bed, rest, awake, tired, dream, wake, snooze, blanket, doze, slumber, snore, nap, peace, yawn, drowsy) and then requires the subject to remember as many words from the list as possible. Typical results show that subjects recall a related but absent word (e.g., sleep), known as a 'lure', with the same frequency as other presented words. When asked about their experience after the test, about half of all participants report that they are sure that they remember hearing the lure, indicating a false memory – a memory for an event that never occurred.

This recycling or juggling of a basic set of materials contributes to the overall effect of unity and coherence in the story.

You see the pattern, don't you?

The Talmud mentions that after a person dies her soul continues to dwell for a while in the grave where she was buried. Putting stones on a grave keeps the soul down in this world, which some people find comforting. Another related interpretation suggests that the stones keep demons and golems from getting into the graves.

The pleasure principle suggests we are motivated to obtain pleasure and avoid pain. Sometimes referred to as the pleasure-pain principle, this motivating force helps drive behavior, but it also wants instant satisfaction. In other words, the pleasure principle strives to fulfill our most basic and primitive urges, including hunger, thirst, anger, and sex. When these needs are not met, the result is a state of anxiety or tension.

Alexithymia is a broad term to describe problems with feeling emotions. In fact, this Greek term used in Freudian psychodynamic theories loosely translates to “no words for emotion.” While the condition is not well-known, it’s estimated that 1 in 10 people has it.

Mary Sweeny, the window smasher. One cause of her window breaking sprees was reported to be drinking—it was also noted that she was seeking vengeance against medical doctors. She is said to have used cocaine to self-medicate because “it quiets her nerves.”

One of Napoleon’s soldier found the Rosetta Stone in Egypt. The same trip he was visited by the red man, the same trip he slept in the king’s chamber in the pyramid like Alexander the Great before him.

Subjects may dream they wake up, eat breakfast, brush their teeth, and so on—suddenly awake again in bed (still in a dream), begin morning rituals again, awaken again, and so forth. The philosopher Bertrand Russell claimed to have experienced “about a hundred” false awakenings in succession while coming around from a general anesthetic.

A simple way to think of autobiographical reasoning is as the continuous drafting of our many life stories. Although, you probably wouldn't say that you walk around telling life stories. When it happens, it is usually more subtle than that.

The main technique of structural consecution concerns the repetition - or recycling - of relevant plot elements or motifs through the progressive, step-by-step repetition of a story's main desire and resistance pattern.

Vital issues of principle are at stake.

This is why Moms are so obsessively loving... they're trying to make amends for a murder neither of you quite remember, except maybe in dreams.

But, again, there is more than one way to be fascinated by beauty.

This doesn't mean that the boring answer was the right one all along.

A platitude is a comment or statement, often (but not always) with a moral element, that has been used way too often to be interesting. Basically, it's an expression rendered dull and meaningless through overuse. Much like a cliché, a platitude is super commonplace.

Her supposed fiancé, Dave, on the other hand was real, and did sadly pass away in the attacks. But, his family confirmed he did not have a relationship with, nor did he ever meet, Alicia. After the second plane hit the South Tower at 9~~10~~2am, Tania vividly described how her arm was almost-severed and badly burned as she tried to escape the flames and crawl to safety. She also said a man covered in rubble asked her to give his wedding ring to his wife, which she later claimed to have done. According to her story, Tania woke up six days after 9/11 in a burns unit and was told her fiancé had died in the attacks. She quickly centred herself amongst the survivors sharing their stories with the media, and joined Gerry Bogacz's World Trade Center Survivors' Network.

These grungy carousels posted by multi-millionaires from their Calabasas mansions mark a strange new layer in the Russian doll of online performativity - the modern it-girl who taps into the invigorating candour of counter-cultural edge, deflecting her one-percenter luxury through compressed, low-fi imagery.

Based on memories "recovered" during his investigations, he pled guilty, and his confession subsequently grew increasingly elaborate, detailed, and fantastical, while Ingram's young daughters and their friends subsequently accused a sizable number of Ingram's fellow Sheriff's department employees of ritual abuse.

That is not to suggest, however, that a simple dividing line can be drawn between the past (modern) and the present (postmodern). As Geoffrey Batchen has argued, "the threatened dissolution of boundaries and oppositions [the postmodern] is presumed to represent is not something peculiar to a particular technology or to postmodern discourse but is rather one of the fundamental conditions of modernity itself."

Dr. Svetla Balabanova made a shocking find while examining the mummy of a member of the ancient Egyptian elite – traces of nicotine and cocaine. The question soon arose: How did Lady Henut Taui have access to elements from the tobacco and coca plants about 3,000 years ago?

The curious aspect is that these plants are believed to have only grown in the Americas at the time – they weren't exported across the ocean until the 19th century. The confusion led researchers to wonder if the mummy was fake or the tests were contaminated. However, a thorough analysis of the results show that they were authentic. Does this mean the ancient Egyptians had reached the Americas?

You know that the places are there, you were there... vast and complex, you were in there with them and you could see the vastness and “the connections”... but then, as you try to look into your mind's eye and navigate the vision in your head, the storyline gets all jumbled up and the connecting fabric is much too complicated to remember.

I believe, because the other American dream, the one in which we worked for our own white picket futures, no longer made sense. A space had been opened for something else.

Do not go anywhere if someone wakes you from your sleep and they invite you to go somewhere. Never drive past your house to go out at night. Once you're home, just go inside

It is street photography as might be practiced from an unmarked surveillance car, or someone being sneaky with a phone camera – and God help you if you're caught.

Just a basic setting (f/8) with enough depth of field for most subjects. And then “being there” in the right place, right time, tuned in to your surroundings, ready to shoot the perfect moment when it unfolds in front of your lens.

The wolf looks on blankly, big and majestic at the top of a wooded hill.

Those who tend to associate the internal struggles of the creative life with suicide often concoct reasons based on romantic, legendary assumptions that making art requires a private agony based on a God-given talent that forces its possessor to see and feel more than ordinary mortals. This so called “well run dry” theory has a long history and offers a satisfying explanation. It can’t be rejected completely. For writers and all artists, the creative impulse is the oxygen that sustains them, and the possibilities of its perceived loss is consequential and could very well spark end of life thoughts.

We’re all for anything that helps us cope with life’s bumps, whether small or large, because that’s likely to benefit us in some way. If we need to make up narratives in our heads to make sense of the overwhelming tangle that is our lives, then we’ll be doing that. Sometimes we see the bigger picture immediately, sometimes later and sometimes never at all. But keeping a belief that it’s always there might just help you cope when that smoke starts rising from the toaster.

Conceived of as the construction of sameness into difference, memory is to be seen as the process of filtering singular details of events in order to make them comparable with other events according to gradually emerging categories. Forgetting means dis-membering singularities into categories, re-membering, by contrast, is the construction of an event out of these categories. Thus conceived, forgetting is the rule and remembering is the exception. This setup, however, enables a library to manage, in principle, an infinite number of books by relying on abstract classification criteria used for their description and the arrangement of catalogue cards the books are represented by. The books themselves are forgotten. What is remembered, are the rules of cataloguing. In more abstract terms, the more elaborate the classification system, the more details can be filtered out. However, the more elaborate the classification system, the more can be remembered as well. The more we forget, the more we remember. The more we remember, the more we forget.

By contrast, without appropriate computational processing, bits are mere noise devoid of any inherent meaning, which poses a serious threat to the capabilities of future generations to reconstruct the past based on authentic documentation. What we thought was safely stored in our computational silos of knowledge, may have slowly decayed into rotten bits and bytes.

Like all superior geniuses he had faith in his destiny. His successes, from the very outset of his career, followed by still greater and even unexpected successes, had inspired him with the idea that he was called to play a part on the world's stage. But what is the superstition which is attributed to great men? Is it a belief in occult and undefined powers? Is it, on the contrary, the faith which they have in themselves, or in an intuitive perception of their own value? That inner feeling, which led Napoleon, for example, to consider himself a divine instrument charged with a mission on earth, and fated to march onward without fear, and with the certainty of success, under its powerful protection. When Napoleon used to say that the cannon ball that was to kill him had not yet been cast, he did not yield to a feeling of fatalism—he considered that his providential mission had not yet been fulfilled.

The situationists prided themselves on detecting the “sudden change of ambiance in a street within the space of a few meters, the evident division of a city into zones of distinct psychic atmospheres.”

To be superstitious is to be convinced of ‘what’s to come’ - I can’t walk under this ladder or bad luck will fall upon me.

Why should we be afraid of cameras everywhere, in atms, gas stations, and on traffic lights? Because software that identifies statistical regularities that correspond to such traits as an individual’s characteristic way of walking can gather input from many cameras to accurately track an individual’s movement from one camera to another. A central database could be used to track an individual’s global movements, to evaluate their behavior, make assumptions about how individuals use the symbols they are given in school to construct value. The federal government is very aware of this—never wonder why you’ve seen the planes crash into the world trade center over and over and over again, but you’ve never seen what hit the pentagon even once? Whatever hit the pentagon was recorded by some 80 security cameras around the pentagon, and every private citizen’s recording of this event was confiscated by the federal government. This is how the symbolic war on terror is being constructed.

US Navy Veteran Dentist Dr. T.C Boring’s Life and unsolved murder is fabricated with murderabilia sold by photographer William Eggleston and his family members. These films below here are perfect examples of how William Eggleston and his family profit off of Dr. Boring’s unsolved murder with murderabilia.

The photograph of the murder weapon Eggleston claims murdered Dr. Boring is considered Murderabilia. Eggleston started selling Murderabilia in 1983 with his photograph called (Untitled) Near the River at Greenville Mississippi c. 1983 - 1986.

He got the photograph from a third party.

Main character syndrome is a relatively new phenomenon that has risen to notoriety in internet (and thus popular) cultures. It refers to the self-delusion (often represented online) of being the protagonist in the ongoing, overly-dramatised saga that is one's life.

A good man on a troubled day and a troubled man on a good day.

The obsession with making one's life appear more exciting than it actually is can cause a detachment from real responsibilities which leads to procrastination and ill-advised impulsivity while chasing the next juicy post.

I regret to inform you that you will not receive my votes in the future.

When we interpret our life stories, we tell ourselves, 'This thing happened. Therefore, it must mean that.' For example, 'I got a salary raise at work. Therefore, I must be good at my job.' Or, 'My girlfriend left me so I guess I am not good at relationships.'

You interpret what an event signifies, what the implications are, and how important it is. In this sense, autobiographical reasoning helps you cope with life events.

The need to satisfy expectation, that is the need to fulfill the requirements of form, and I believe literature is a process of thinking with its own peculiar form, which the reader has come to know without consciously knowing it, and 2) the need to create interest, i.e. interest within the text, through variation of form, surprising turns or denials of expectation, dramatic action and emotional resonance.

I now understand that self-delusion isn't a very complicated thing.

When the sky falls, it feels like the whole world has ended. But it doesn't have to.

Stopped for the night in an ugly area. The sunset is blood orange and sets over a nasty gully filled with bovid remains of hideous form, blacked by fire and bleached by sun.

To modern eyes, however, these austere records are poetic, impressionistic, and eccentric accounts of a foreign land.

My photographs are so basic that they appear eccentric—they are too common, they must explain something else.

‘To know, to dare, to will, to keep silence’ are the four words of the Magus, inscribed upon the four symbolical forms of the sphinx.

Sorry, I might not have it exactly, because this photo has been confiscated.

We can state without any doubts that we are living in the fake news era. The pandemic crisis has given the final boost to the production and consumption of fake information and the consequences are becoming a serious social issue. But the manipulation of information and the creation of false collective memories through the Media are no news.

It's like in the movies, right? It's a non-therapist therapist. I figure they could help attribute some meaning to my life – what, with that whole ‘existence precedes essence’ thing.

But ‘documentary’ – is this quite the way to describe a book largely compiled from blurred screen grabs from You Tube videos?

What's gonna get the 35-year-old man in the audience?

The first is about the birds and the bees. The second is about what really happened to Tower 7.

The 1911 is also known as the ‘Colt Government’.

Against all instincts, you need to turn into the skid.

The Capricorn Sun Cancer Moon man is very hard to understand, perhaps by anybody. Maybe people who are influential and as ambitious as him could have better chances, because they would know what he's all about. It's good that he doesn't talk before being sure of something. But he can sometimes be so quiet that he becomes annoying.

He can take good care of himself. The more this guy ages, the less reliant on others he becomes. This Capricorn man can survive any difficult situations without asking for help. It's very likely he has learned from a young age how to be self-sufficient.

Everybody knows - it's a matter of public knowledge - that I'm a rascal—that I drink too much, that I sleep with too many women, that I - even people go so far as to say that I'm trying to commit suicide.

He now knows, he says, that the World Trade Center work is “a great painting.”

The vast majority of this material exists in a format without physicality.

There is always something in the way. You are not talking to a person—the machine is talking, through you, to itself.

On another level, it's truthful history - or should be.

For a moment you wondered how long it would take for someone to find your body if you died out in these woods.

Obviously, if there is absolutely nothing, there can be nothing to think about.

Mercifully, the whole thing is starting to fade, to become an episode.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—world without end. Amen.

